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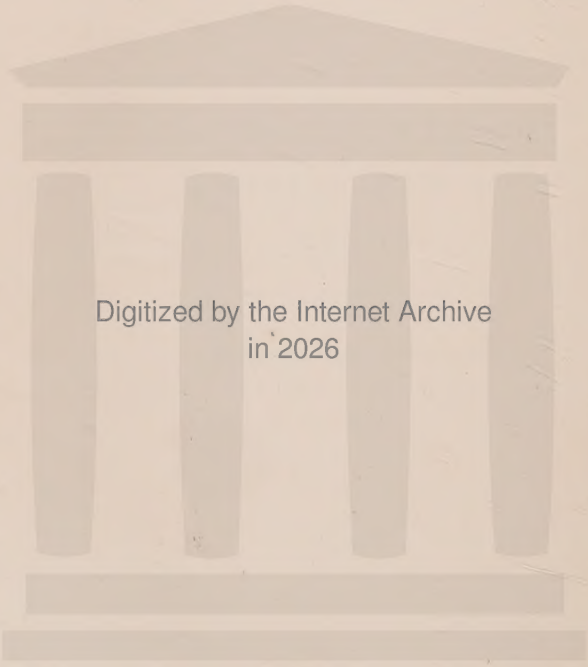
THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POEMS OF MATTHEW PRIOR

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial



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THE POETICAL WORKS OF MATTHEW PRIOR

VOLUME II

Mary Mellis
Archibald
Memorial

LONDON
BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET
1866

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THE

POEMS OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Batten beside Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.
As guests sat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew seated on t' oth' side;
To thee, lean bard, it doth partain
To understand these creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or playsant rhime on yonder mice:

They seem, God shield me, Mat. and Charles.*
Bad as Sir Topaz, or squire Quarles,†
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
Ne verse from me (so God me shrive)
On mouse, or other beast alive.
Certes, I have these many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lyon fierce will I compare:
Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks:
Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,
To swine ydrunk, or filthy stoat.
Elk similè farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trow, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,
Matthew is angred on the spleen.
Ne so, quoth Mat. ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been,
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The rest in order to explain.
That cup-board, where the mice disport,
I liken to St. Stephen's Court:‡
Therein is space enough, I trow,

* Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax. † Francis Quarles.
‡ The Exchequer.

For elke comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as these mine eyne survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other tells.
Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind,
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat. doth say:
Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft doth Mat. with Topaz dine,
Eateth baked meats, drinketh Greek wine:
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth;
And Mat. mote praise what Topaz verseth.
Now sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine:
Algates assaulted sore by letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
Had they been yong (pardie) and she been olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much sorer tryal;
Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

A

FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VERELST.*

WHEN fam'd Verelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

* Simon Verelst, a Flemish painter, born at Antwerp. He settled in England, and became very celebrated for painting fruits and flowers, and received greater sums for his performances than had ever been paid before for the like kind in London. Mr. Pilkington says, "as to his flower and fruit subjects, he handled them in a charming manner, and gave them force and relief by a judicious management of the chiaro scuro. He painted his objects with great truth and resemblance of nature, and his colouring was fresh, but as to his portraits, they were not much to his honour, though he finished them as highly as he did his flowers, which he always took care to introduce in every portrait." He died 1710, aged 46. See Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, p. 667.

TO THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

SINCE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN, ON A COLUMN OF HER DRAWING.

HEN future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the father's praise.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

HEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight;
Protogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's * writings show,

* See C. Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv. cap. x. vol. iii. p. 181, ed. 1669.

Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
  Piqued by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house;
(For such in Greece were much in use:)
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
  Does squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'sy low; but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
So like the original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, sir, at home.
  Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;

Authors, before they write, should read;
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
And, sir, at present will you please
To leave your name?—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To show your master this from me?
By it he presently will know,
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'sying, sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, sir—at six o'clock.
Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.
She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid

Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
  Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie!
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant,
That he with perfect skill can paint.
  The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters, which may proclaim,
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

EMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

O me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.*

UM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samiisque superbus
Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.

* These verses were written by Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, a celebrated Scotch physician, who died in the year 1713. Walter Daniston was a schoolmaster and Latin poet, very

Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia, libo;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes, homo: qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
His me parentum præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit;
Nam Sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

intimate with the author. The title, as given by Mr. Prior, is here retained, although in Dr. Pitcairne's works, printed at Edinburgh, 1727, it is entirely different, as are the first four lines of the poem. It does not with certainty appear whether the alterations were made by the author, or by his imitator. In the before-mentioned edition the poem begins in this manner:

Joannis Sylvii de seipso carmen.
Dum brevis adnitor momentum fallere vitæ,
Et somni æterni non nimis esse memor;
Demonstro quæ sit Sophiæ natura, quis hospes
Pectoris; atque animas posse perire nego.

IMITATED.

TUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth I see to earth return.
The immaterial part, the ethereal soul,
Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control.
Glad I release it from its partner's cares,
And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to the now immortal friend.
But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor Power of Jove;
On its dark side if thou the prospect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake:
In total death suppose the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
Yet bear thy lot content! yet cease to grieve:
Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
And of this little hast thou ought to spare
To sad reflection, and corroding care?

The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave.
The present hours in pleasant mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were destin'd erst; nor can by fate's decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

HILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,
The god for ever great, for ever king,
Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
To Heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'st thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's Mount,
Or Dicte, studious of his country's praise,
The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea
Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines:
Holy retreat! Sithence no female hither,

Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
The ponderous birth: she sought a neighbouring spring
To wash the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
(However streamy now) adust and dry,
Denied the goddess water; where deep Melas,
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smok'd,
Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty traveller
In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
In subterraneous caverns: forests grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iaon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring forth;
And short shall be thy pangs. She said; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
The yawning cliff: from its disparted height
Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
And cheer'd the valleys: there the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them
In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
And conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
Not unrewarded; since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.

Fast by her flowery banks the sons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, god, to Cnossus Neda brought: the nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distent
With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding arms;
Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries and mock the ear of Saturn.
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's sons receiv'd the three-fold empire
Of Heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value
By lot are parted: but high Heaven, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy brethren
Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength,
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,

Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.
Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of power: thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal. Those who labour
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleening armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The soldier, from successful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himself immortal.
Those, mighty Jove, meantime, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
And, as their actions tend subordinate
To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou seest impartial,
How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: these only have
To speak and be obey'd; to those are given
Assistant days to ripen the design;
To some whole months; revolving years to some:
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
Of every good: thy praise what man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift.

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

AH! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the god,
The god approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulse; and the sever'd bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd: and hovering swans, their throats releas'd,
From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?
Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence: and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first by ardent prayer, and clear lustration,
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:

Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With silver hairs, and fair descent of children;
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies' increase.
Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting god emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound
Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
E'en through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!
Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!
Against the deity 'tis hard to strive.
He that resists the power of Ptolemy,
Resists the power of heaven, for power from heaven
Derives; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd; and the day
Unequal to the godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your songs.
Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow are gold: with golden sandals
His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!

Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises;
And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheek; from his fair head
Perfumes distil their sweets; and cheerful health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn; and chains, or exiles death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that from Heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
Didst guard Admetus's herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropp'd their twofold burthens. Blest the cattle,
On which Apollo cast his favouring eye!
But Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant-deity,
New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild goats' heads, and branching antlers
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
(Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic skill and mystic order,
Thou show'd'st, where towers or battlements should rise;
Where gates should open; or where walls should compass:

While from thy childish pastime man received
The future strength and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan strand; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country, destin'd the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the god,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.
Or Boedromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee! for my country
Calls thee Carnean! the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settled in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars
Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls;
As Carnus, thy high-priest and favour'd friend,
Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
Iö Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!
The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus
Reserve the honours of their winter-store,
To deck thy temple; till returning spring
Diffuses nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held:
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead

The dance, with clanging swords and shields they beat
The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their last abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
Dispers'd; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view
Her typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st her
To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who honour'd by thy passion,
Was aided by thy power! the monstrous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.
Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the safety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? Vast and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a small rivulet I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the god:
Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy,

And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defil'd; meanwhile the nymphs
Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for Heavenly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.
Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeasurable; while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;

Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice,
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives:
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even;
And opens in each heart a little Heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows;
To one fixt purpose dedicates its power;
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass;
A little we discover; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show:

So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant faith, and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive ———
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, for ever blest.

ENGRAVEN ON A COLUMN

IN THE CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX. THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING, WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENSE OF MR. SAMUEL FISKE, MDCCXVII.*

VIEW not this spire by measure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabric rises high as Heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.

* The spire of this church was burnt by lightning in April, 1701, when, to prevent the flames from spreading, the supporters of the steeple were sawn asunder, and the whole fell into the churchyard. To record the liberality of Mr. Fiske, the following inscription, probably written by Mr. Prior, is fixed on the south side of the chancel, on a large sheet of copper framed with wood.

JOHN MORLEY
To the memory of his
good friend and neighbour
dedicates this plate,
Obiit Apr. 21, 1718, æt. 64.
Samuel Fiske,
By descent a gentleman,
By profession an apothecary.
In his practice
honest, knowing, successful.
In his life
pious, just, and charitable.
The riches he acquired he used
as the means of doing good.
A friend to the public, a father to the poor,
A great benefactor to this town of Halstead,
More particularly
the spire of this church, burnt down by
lightning, he rebuilt at his own expense.
Anno 1717.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare:
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.

Best be he call'd among good men,
Who to his God this column rais'd:
Though lightning strike the dome* again,
The man, who built it, shall be prais'd.

Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains;
And Faith and Hope themselves shall die;
While deathless Charity remains.

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE,

AFTER THE PEACE, MDCCXIII.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities, and of courts, of books, and men;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

* This has since actually happened. It hath a second time been destroyed by lightning, and rebuilt about 1765.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MDCCXIV. BUT LEFT UNFINISHED, BY THE SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining sideboard, and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require,
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair portrait of my sovereign dame,
To that alone eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight.
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture like thy fame

Entire may last; that as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
Thus great, thus gracious look'd Britannia's Queen;
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease;
She checks her conquest, for her subjects' ease,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.
Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, queen of peace—If time and fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse,
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend * * * *

ALMA; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηθὲν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἰξ ἀλόγων εστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.
Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW* met Richard,† when or where
From story is not mighty clear;
Of many knotty points they spoke,

* The author himself. † Mr. Shelto

And pro and con by turns they took.
Rats half the manuscript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we still regret.
O! may they ne'er again digest,
The horrors of so sad a feast!
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob,* by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here Matthew said,
Alma in verse, in prose the mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is, bona fide, all in all.
And yet, slap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;
While every where she rules the roast.
This system, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With ipse dixit to comply.
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,

* Tonson.

Like spectacles, across the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin;
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wise nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Could Alma else with judgment tell,
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn, what lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste:
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick port for fine champagne;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small beer for citron waters.

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear;

And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' alarums which they beat.
Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing she much delights to deal in),
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes and fingers' ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.
Thus, while the judge gives different journeys
To country counsel and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home:
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.
The scholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less.
The mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo, the whole dispute is ended.
For till to-morrow should you plead,
From form and structure of the head,
The mind as visibly is seen

Extended through the whole machine.
Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receives it;
It is the artist's hand that gave it;
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
E'en what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes ab origine from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.
  Nor matters it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
  If, therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of Num-scull's self should take the place:
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter:
And, strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.

The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess, that feeling lies all over.
Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view;
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is moved by chance alone.
A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on the trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late in season.
But no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child.
And no man ever reap'd his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in alternate verse.
Verse! Mat replied; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.
This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had

But exercis'd the salesman's trade;
As if she haply had set down,
And cut out clothes for all the town;
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
To try what persons they would fit;
But every free and licens'd tailor
Would in this thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex;
His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
No, no; he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate he made the bodice,
And not for an ideal goddess.
No error near his shopboard lurk'd:
He knew the folks for whom he work'd;
Still to their size he aim'd his skill:
Else, prithee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if chance herself should vary,
Observe, how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
Your spectacles upon your toes:
Then you and Memmius shall agree,
How nicely men would walk, or see.
But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd.
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same;
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,

To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook;
And, as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.
  The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells sound, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his scheme;
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have second-sight;
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.
  Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest, that, if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t'other sect deny;
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The tenets of their master's book;
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two stools:
The more she reads, the more perplext:

The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
  These different systems, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion.
Let me propose a healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
  Old Aristotle with Gassendus,
How many would admire our toil!
  And yet how few would comprehend us!
  Here, Richard, let my scheme commence;
Oh! may my words be lost in sense!
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.
  My simple system shall suppose,
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter;
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and short, says Dick, proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion;
Observe the progress of the motion.
First, I demonstratively prove
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Lest Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.
Again; as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his locomotive tricks;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;
When half-asleep, she overlays him.
Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses:
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still:
Their legs, you see, direct their will;
From opening morn till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Friend or Snape can say.
To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With sympathetic power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green;
And Susan is at stool-ball seen;
While John for nine-pins does declare;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
Both legs and arms spontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
Another motion now she makes:
O need I name the seat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie;
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love:
So to the priest their case they tell:

He ties the knot; and all goes well.
But, O my Muse, just distance keep;
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time, the bodice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd;
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken earth with genial flames.
Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board;
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him.
Love's advocates! Dick, who are those?—
The poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prose-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stellavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The selfsame thing soft Ovid says
(A proper judge in such a case).
Horace's phrase is, torret jecur;
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.
What signifies too long quotation?

In ode and epic, plain the case is,
That love holds one of these two places.
Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.
First, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests;
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roast-beef and venison is your fare:
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard:
But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel
Help only to adorn the meal;
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours;
But only smells the peel and flowers;
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That Heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes?
Or where's the sense, direct or moral,

That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?
Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit:
And where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted.
His grave epistles may disprove
The wanton odes he made to love.
Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancied mother;
Calls her great queen of earth and air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her;
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.
Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe:
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin poets prove
Where lies the real seat of love.
Jecur they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse;
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.
Thus, I presume, the British muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater:
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's heart:

But if he takes his bow and quiver;
'Tis sure, he must transfix the liver:
For rhyme with reason may dispense;
And sound has right to govern sense.
  But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose;
Anatomists can make it clear,
The liver minds its own affair;
Kindly supplies our public uses;
And parts and strains the vital juices;
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide:
Else we should want both gibe and satire;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness;
And love is all delight and sweetness.
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same:
And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.
  The like may of the heart be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose hearts are loose and low
Start if they hear but the tattoo:
And mighty physical their fear is;
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very corslets beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,

And yield them most excessive pleasure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire, and fell debate?
Must people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
These notions then I think but idle:
And love shall still possess the middle.
This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage:
He grows dispirited and low;
He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.
In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost;
His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd,
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.—

France's fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estree:
When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
And fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Disguis'd o'er hills and valleys went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame,
And in his pleasure lost his fame.
Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love:
And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their heart, or fir'd their liver,
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which love more justly calls his own.
Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For some in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I should be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

BUT shall we take the muse abroad.
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our subject in the middle;
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue;
His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,*
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength.
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his slight;†
And owe your pleasure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance;
Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.
My preface tells you, I digress'd:
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
I like, quoth Dick, your simile,
And, in return, take two from me.

* Ut quasdam artes, ita eloquentiam nihil magis, quam ancipitia commendant. Vides qui per funem in summa nituntur, quantos soleant excitare clamores, cum jam jamque casuri videntur. Plinii Epistolæ, l. 9, ep. 26.

† Sunt enim maxime mirabilia, quæ maxime inexpectata, et maxime—periculosa. Pliny. See Hurd's Horace.

As masters in the clare-obscure
With various light your eyes allure;
A flaming yellow here they spread:
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary;
And things are best as most contrary;
The gown, with stiff embroidery shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining;
The out, if Indian figures stain,
The in-side must be rich and plain:
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digression temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And furbelow the plain discourse.
  Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine
Speak something sly, and something fine:
But I shall e'en resume my theme,
However thou may'st praise or blame.
  As people marry now, and settle,
Fierce love abates his usual mettle:
Worldly desires, and household cares,
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,

And country-seat near Banstead Down;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us,
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power.
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers, to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once-charming seats below;
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon when she was sick;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.
Thus, having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.

Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat
In quiet governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife:
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atrides I will send,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave:
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace.
Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of corollary)
Some limbs she finds the very same,

In place, and dignity, and name:
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilst one hand exhalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward and afraid.
No, sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede:
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not akin by Nature,
In concert act, like modern friends;
Because one serves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,

So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than t'other executes the blow.
A stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.
  The amorous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below:
For, long before the squire and dame
Have tête à tête reliev'd their flame,
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—
  The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd,
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to:
And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confest,
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was centred,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?
  Objections to my general system
May rise perhaps; and I have miss'd them:

But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove, that all things on occasion
Love union, and desire adhesion;
That Alma merely is a scale;
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down nor up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and Heaven.
This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale:
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;
Which best or worst you could not think;
And die you must for want of drink;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree:
Your sense resolv'd impels your will:
She guides you hand—so drink your fill.
Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers sway'd?
Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:
But, forc'd from this unactive state
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
Now, Richard, this coercive force,

Without your choice, must take its course;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
To Henault's vault, or Celia's chamber
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at ombre or basset)
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourselves both cut and shuffled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a stander-by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But space and matter we should blame;
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.
Thus, to save further contradiction,
Against what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it those bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulse wrought:
Ev'n saying that you think or walk,
How like a country squire you talk!
Mark then;—Where fancy, or desire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, pro tempore, resides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,

When Pyrrhus chants the heavenly song.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.
Through Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And, void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Through the soft sex again she ranges;
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.
Fair Alma, careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again fair Alma sits confest
On Florimel's experter breast;
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows:
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waist;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round herself the centre.
Again: that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature)
Which most did Alma's passion move
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the amorous breast.
O Abelard,* ill-fated youth,

* A writer of eminence, Shenstone, vol. ii. 177, has observed that Pope never mentions Prior, though so hand-

Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress:
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn;
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide;
And, softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise!
Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack run from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his speed detain,

somely spoken of in this passage. He added, "One might imagine that the latter (Pope), indebted as he was to the former (Prior) for such numberless beauties, should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, to some modification of selfishness." It is certain Pope has been very sparing in his mention of Prior; but he is not, as Shenstone asserts, wholly unnoticed, as his name twice occurs in the Dunciad, B. II. l. 124, 138, though but slightly. Party-cunning could hardly have occasioned it, as the chief of Prior's party were Pope's intimate friends.

Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker chair:
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.
If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn, to Goldsmith's-hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her stay;
And age or palsy bar the way.
But, if those images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She still renews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between:
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with ideal rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page.
If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue:
Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute:
Change sides, and you increase your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.

And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.
  Again: if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass!)
For evermore all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any sins of ours
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.
  You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick:
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental powers;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation;
And, lest I should be wearied, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Through Syria, Persia, Greece she goes,

And takes the Romans in the close.
But we'll descant on general nature,
This is a system, not a satire.
Turn we this globe; and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and past;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.
One people from their swaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands:
Here Alma to these limbs was brought;
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.
Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands:
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.
In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears;
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With downcast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs,
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love:
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.

We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white;
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jet.
King Chihu put ten queens to death,
Convict on statute, ivory teeth.

At Tonquin, if a prince should die
(As Jesuits write, who never lie),
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find,
In each degree, one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest.
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters;
The marks remaining on the skin,

To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show:
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is clothed for life.
Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
Before you see, you smell your toast;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes:
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.
I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of ginger-bread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and knaws, from left to right.
But, show a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our finis.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.
An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.

In Europe, if a harmless maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.
  Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men:
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl:
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace.——
  To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o' th' hill,
Those seldom move; these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive

Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy shouldst thou take
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake;
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost; thy town is gone,
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
  But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river.
  Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick.
  The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky:
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land:
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common-places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected

These I lay by for time of need,
And thou mayst at thy leisure read.
For, standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age,
My system, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite and death.

CANTO III.

ICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer silence keep:
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought,
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.
As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em;
Or as, again, those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids;
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door;
But, by the flattering glass of nature

Viewing themselves in cake-bread's feature.
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport:
  Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure;
Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget:
And, pleas'd to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.
  Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand:
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres;
Denied all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.

How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force?
How could our chemic friends go on,
To find the philosophic stone,
If you more powerful reasons bring,
To prove that there is no such thing?
Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find she giddy is, or dull:
She doubts if things are void, or full:
And who should be presum'd to tell
What she herself should see, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must:
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can syllogism set things right?
No: majors soon with minors fight;
Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
The consequence limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.
From the account the loser brings,
The conjurer knows who stole the things.
Squire (interrupted Dick), since when

Were you amongst these cunning men?
Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.
I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant, though few can spell.
You tell your doctor, that y' are ill;
And what does he, but write a bill,
Of which you need not read one letter:
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.
Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three different sects.
Substance, or accident, divides
All Europe into adverse sides.
Now as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause;
In philosophic matters so
Your judgment must with others go:
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.
Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haste, and quick surprise,
From every leaf that stirs, she flies;
Till mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead;
As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;
As party man, who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but whimsical* at best.
Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be listed in your sect;
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cried:
So put off all mistrust and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise:
Be first secure; and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So Dick adept, tuck back thy hair;
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick: but don't reply:
And thou mayst prove as wise as I.
When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages;
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure wits.
Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!

* Some of the tories, in Queen Anne's reign, were distinguished by that appellation.

Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of cerebrum, and cerebellum!
How could I play the commentator
On dura and on pia mater!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life:
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination:
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells:
In each some active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home;
Each does her studious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor justles her assiduous neighbour:
Each—whilst this thesis I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty theme affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected!
My head! quoth Dick, to serve your whim!
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of system,
Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em.
Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head,

And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed? quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive:
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain;
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly:
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which make us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy,
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition-bread:
But, by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!

Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngster, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
He pays due visits after noon
To cousin Alice and uncle John;
At ten from coffee-house or play
Returning, finishes the day.
But, give him port and potent sack,
From milksop he starts up mohack;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the street at midnight scours,
Breaks watchmen's heads, and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes;
Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Briton's fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane avoid, retire and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words.
To push this argument no further;
To starve a man, in law is murther.
As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour.
For, though these gimcracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But, if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being, what's o'clock.
If you take off his rhetoric trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure:
Or, clog his mathematic wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his politic-weight,
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet, if these finer whims were gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on,
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.

Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceases all this worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russell.*
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your system, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course;
His mouth was soft; his eye was good;
His foot was sure as ever trod:
One fault he had (a fault indeed!)
And what was that? the horse was dead.
Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere machine:
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck;
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similes are like songs in love:
They much describe; they nothing prove.
Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,
Tost up his nose, and would have cavill'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:

* A celebrated undertaker of funerals. He is mentioned by Dr. Garth in The Dispensary, canto III.

Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.
  Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We system-makers can sustain
The thesis, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.
  That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his quodlibets of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.

And Malbranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, so little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only entre nous)
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear.
As nature slily had thought fit,
For some by-ends to cross-bite wit;
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble;
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
What system, Dick, has right averr'd
The cause why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these, we must agree,
Our barber knows as much as we.
Yet still, unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our system still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,
By dint of logic, strike thee mute;
With learned skill, now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd.
Yet, that you hic et nunc may know,

How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To show thee, I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So most philosophers have done):
It makes my system more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore;
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country fair,
Or city church (no matter where)
Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord save us! why do people press!
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly replied, Plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame.
Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er applied, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.
Now Alma settles in the head;
As has before been sung, or said;

And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife:
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year;
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancied want to-morrow.
Abroad if the surtout you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut?
When Rarus shows you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.
What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict enquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!

'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
These, rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought:
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
Dick, I have seen you with delight,
For Georgy* make a paper kite.
And simple odes too many show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving.
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting:
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly can do't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,

* Mr. Shelton's son.

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought:
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.
  Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use:
And t' other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
We find ourselves at sixty wise;
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my system says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd:
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks;
My poem will be too prolix.
For could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?
  As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,

Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Wearied of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state;
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan said that;
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
Through which she wings her destin'd way;
Upward she soars; and down drops clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.
O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would fortune calm her present rage,
And give us playthings for our age:
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she, in friendship, peace, and plenty
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both in this condition
Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition;
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play);
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted.

Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,
And Time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
  Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set their price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read their grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
  Tir'd with these thoughts—Less tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,

I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils, wet or dry.
Yet, let the goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white, or brown:
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine champaigne, or muddled port.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am;
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion:
But, if you would depress my thought,
Your system is not worth a groat—
For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato, in the play,
For any thing that he can say?
Ev'n let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley* read.
Dear Drift,† to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Aristotle:
Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

* Humphrey Wanley, librarian to the Earl of Oxford.
† Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

SOLOMON ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A POEM. IN THREE BOOKS.

'Ο Βίος γὰρ ὄνομ' ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργω πέλει. Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, & in cunis vagiam, valde recusem. Cic. de Senect.

The bewailing of man's miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as well of philosophers, as of divines. And it is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation. Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

PREFACE.

IT is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another: and though he may justly desire, that a friend should praise him; yet, if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of felo de se: and by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid those extremes; and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books, commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations, and apothegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, "all is vanity."

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as painters term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *simplex duntaxat et unum*, which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether didascalic or heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics; desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage or character in the epic, is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to show us in his Iliad, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles, therefore, is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odysses the same poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses, therefore, is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman

empire rose, and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero, therefore, was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other epic poets have copied after them both. Tasso's Gierusalemme Liberata is directly Troy town sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronsard's Franciade (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneis. His hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French poets in the epic. In our language Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in the account, which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another cast and figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is observable that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure for our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business, than Solomon himself? and why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? If in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for

the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade, that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument, than Lucretius had, when in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the hero and the author; but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book, and his women and their attendants in the second: with these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation at the time when Solomon lived: and where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology; though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan hero and Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of the finest parts of his Æneis must have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet farther. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwise have written, or we read one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and

Tasso have showed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagances. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure, in which this, and most poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined: it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for epic. And, as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into blank verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled) or running the thought into alternate and stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only inquiring, in order to be better informed; without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living, who have in epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But once more: he that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters: and as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyric upon Great Britain, in the first book: I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country; and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet, or greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's *Nonum prematur in Annum*; yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aside much

longer than the term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed; my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires: all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my scritoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my scritoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure, I shall always think myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour at the beginning of my book,* these two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

* As subscribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

TEXTS

CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes, chapter i. verse 1.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Verse 2.

I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. Verse 16.

He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. 1 Kings, chapter iv. verse 33.

I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before Him. Ecclesiastes, chapter iii. verse 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in His time; also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. Verse 11.

For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow. Chapter i. verse 18.

And further, by these, my Son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Chapter xii. verse 12.

KNOWLEDGE:

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin, and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and Doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that as to human science, ALL IS VANITY.

E sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think is vain.
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end.
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares:
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths, which from these pensive numbers flow,

That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.
Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking; fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
Cause of our care, and error of our mind:
Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heaven design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.
But O! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd,
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This, sad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.
Born as I was, great David's favourite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne
Sublime, my court with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound.
Arise (I commun'd with myself) arise;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise;
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute, to know.
I said; and sent my edict through the land;
Around my throne the letter'd Rabbins stand,

Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing, as the younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said:
The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon, nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss, and hyssop on the wall;
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.
I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies:
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found;
And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd?
Why does one climate, and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue;
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine, and the blushing rose,

With lavish grace their morning scents disclose:
The smelling tub'rose and jonquil declare,
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct, or a different power?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath,
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
Whence does it happen, that the plant which well
We name the sensitive should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast:
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest lily of the field;
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes, and types of power,
Shines with less glory, than that simple flower.
Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire,
How the mute race engender, or respire;
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas

Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays.
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters, and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career,
Their station changing with th' inverted year.
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food:
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood.
Of birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song.
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood,
Why every land has her specific brood:
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow goes,
Fearful of gathering winds, and falling snows:
If into rocks, or hollow trees they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
Or conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky.
Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?
Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air.
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,

And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose.
How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And through the liquid fields again to pass
Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass?
And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want:
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores; and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
Fix thy corporeal, and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm that yesterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
They show their passions by their acts, like thee:
Darting their stings, they previously declare
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digest his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood:
Has limbs and sinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Tho' the whole fabric smaller than a grain.

What more can our penurious reason grant
To the large whale, or castled elephant;
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame?

For potent nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract:
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
Becomes mix'd blackness, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows round.

Thus while with fruitless hope, and weary pain,
We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain:
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat;
Around her, myriads of ideas wait,
And endless shapes which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains:
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water and of food,
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood:
While the strong camel, and the generous horse,
Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,

And answer to the spur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man;
While the kind spaniel and the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found,
Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
Pursues the noted path, and covets home;
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,
And dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet.
By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I see in others, or I think I see,
That strict their principles, and ours agree.
Evil like us they shun, and covet good;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate; like us they know,
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend,
And use the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philosopher avers,
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same?
Instinct and reason how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
With the same folly sure, man vaunts his sway;
If the brute beast refuses to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaster's word

Proclaims himself the universal lord,
Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancied law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the schools or porches should appear
The fierce hyæna, or the foaming bear?
  The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the sword is girded to his loins.
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
Too late the sailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.
  Consider with me this ethereal space,
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
Anxious I ask ye, how the pensile ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving sun
Does round our globe his crooked journeys run;
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beast, or colony of man:
If any nations pass their destin'd days
Beneath the neighb'ring sun's directer rays:
If any suffer on the polar coast
The rage of Arctos, and eternal frost.
  May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense?
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive;
See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth,
And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear

The various heaven of an obliquer sphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that burn,
And praise the neighb'ring sun, whose constant flame
Enlightens them with seasons still the same?
And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
North beyond Tartary's extended waste;
Where through the plains of one continual day,
Six shining months pursue their even way,
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted through the year?
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest
With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;

Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
With more extended nerves, and more continued force?
And when declining day forsakes their sky;
When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming season blest,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know:
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the listening fair,
And rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease
(Grateful alternates of substantial peace)
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.
In foreign isles which our discoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bears, or spotted lynx's brood
Frighten the valleys, and infest the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake,
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake:
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream infest.
Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man?
Or, grant, this progeny was wafted o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore;
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,

Slaughter to harmless lands, and poison bring?
Would they on board, or bears, or lynxes take,
Feed the she-adder, and the brooding snake?
Or could they think the new discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And, since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race;
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine?
While the great sire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God.

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of everything we view;
That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials which have been confess'd
The pristine springs, and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air:
Those finer parts of air again aspire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
That fire once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles; is fire no more;
But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore:
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape; puts off its old remains;

With wat'ry parts its lessen'd force divides;
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.
Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And deep surcharg'd by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulchred. By beating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall: the plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit hill:
For time must nature's great behests fulfill.
Thus, by a length of years, and change of fate,
All things are light and heavy, small or great:
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's Pyramids refine to air.
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire, where Babel stood.
Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural:
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear:
Let active thought these close meanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place.
Are all things miracle; or nothing such?
And prove we not too little, or too much?
For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud,
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
Should push in spring, ten thousand thousand buds,
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each successive night from opening heaven
The food of angels should to man be given;
Is this more strange, than that with common bread

Our fainting bodies every day are fed?
Than that each grain and seed consum'd in earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth;
And from the handful which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?
Then, from whate'er we can to sense produce
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general influence draws,
That an effect must presuppose a cause:
And while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.
This great Existence thus by reason found,
Blest by all power, with all perfection crown'd:
How can we bind or limit His decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eyes may see?
Say then: is all in heaps of water lost,
Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast?
Or has that God who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
Countries by future ploughshares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn?
Ere the progressive course of restless age
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
May not our power and learning be suppress,
And arts and empire learn to travel west?
Where, by the strength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Ascends my soul? what sees she white and great
Amidst subjected seas? An isle, the seat

Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known;
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven,
From thence to this distinguish'd nation given:
Yet farther west the western isle extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleet she sends
To climates folded yet from human eye;
And lands, which we imagine wave and sky.
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame:
Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of envy, and the force of age:
Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
Of human things least changeable, least vain,
Yet all must with the general doom comply;
And this great glorious power, tho' last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon azure sky:
Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red:
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
Ask reason now, whence light and shade were given,
And whence this great variety of Heaven:
Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the sun illuminates the sky;
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day?

But we expect the morning red in vain:

'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in storm, or red in light'ning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth your labouring thought:
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke:
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words:
In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very same I gave.
Lo! as a giant strong the lusty sun
Multiplied rounds in one great round does run;
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again when his descending orb retires,
And earth perceives the absence of his fires,
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet shining in his proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer:
Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd:
Each knows his course with different periods bound;
And in his passage through the liquid space,
Nor hastens, nor retards his neighbour's race.
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays?

Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive beams, and glory not their own,
All servants, to that source of light the sun?
Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build);
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand that form'd them, infinite;
How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the spirit of the world ordains!
Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day;
How small a portion of his power is given
To orbs more distant, and remoter Heaven?
And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd, and fix'd to one eternal sky,
Each by a native stock of honour great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
Itself a sun; and with transmissive light
Enliven worlds denied to human sight:
Around the circles of their ambient skies
New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
And other stars may to those suns be earths;
Give their own elements their proper births;
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole;
See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll;
Yet these great orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different sphere

Makes or their distance, or their height appear)
Be seen a nobler, or inferior star;
And in that space, which we call air and sky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may lie
Unmeasur'd, and unknown to human eye.
In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there,
Whilst its circumference scorning to be brought
Even into fancied space, illudes our vanquish'd thought.
Where then are all the radiant monsters driven,
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd heaven?
Where will their fictious images remain?
In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.
This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
Let us for once a child of truth confess;
That these fair stars, these objects of delight
And terror, to our searching dazzled sight,
Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite:
But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?
Thyself but dust; thy stature but a span,
A moment thy duration; foolish man!
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destin'd only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas as well may boast,
The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.

A higher flight the venturous goddess tries,
Leaving material worlds, and local skies;
Inquiries, what are the beings, where the space,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race?
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught)
Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
Did shield to shield, and power to power oppose;
Heaven rung with triumph: Hell was fill'd with woes.
What were those forms of which your volumes tell,
How some fought great, and others recreant fell:
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Durance of chain, and banishment of God:
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire;
To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire:
Whilst those exalted to primeval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys
In those great moments when their God employs
Their ministry, to pour His threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious state;
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And speak the thunder falling from His hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns.
How can good angels be in Heaven confin'd,
Or view that Presence which no space can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon, or here?
He who made all, is He not every where?
Oh how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of sight?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Else how could Abraham wash their wearied feet:
Or Sarah please their taste with savoury meat?
Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
How could a form its strength with matter try?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways.
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?
Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care;
That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath,
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?
Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found that nothing by itself was made;
When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees

From valleys crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
From smoking minerals, and from rising streams;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living that four-footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins, or feathers fly,
Through the aërial, or the watery sky;
From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul,
That miserable master of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our reason to that Sovereign Cause,
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with laws:
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, His word and work the same;
To whom a thousand years are but a day;
Who bad the light her genial beams display;
And set the moon, and taught the sun his way:
Who, waking time, His creature, from the source
Primeval, order'd his predestin'd course:
Himself, as in the hollow of His hand,
Holding, obedient to His high command,
The deep abyss, the long continu'd store,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour

Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
Who, like a potter in a mould has cast
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of sense and reason see:
Yet if He wills, may change or spoil the whole;
May take yon beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
And burn it, like an useless parchment scroll:
May from its basis in one moment pour
This melted earth ————
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who sole in power, at the beginning said,
Let sea and air, and earth and heaven be made:
And it was so——and when He shall ordain
In other sort, has but to speak again,
And they shall be no more: of this great theme,
This glorious hallow'd, everlasting Name,
This God I would discourse. ————

The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd,
Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame:
(Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame:)
Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
Began; that human learning's furthest reach
Was but to note the doctrines I could teach;
That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey:
For I in knowledge more than power did sway:
And the astonish'd world in me beheld
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
Humble a second bow'd, and took the word;
Foresaw my name by future age ador'd;
O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise!

As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
Excelling thee.————
Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious flattery! thy malignant seeds
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.
And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
Echoed the word: whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see.
My prophets, and my sophists finish'd here
Their civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not so my rabbins, and logicians yield;
Retiring still they combat: from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And skulk behind the subterfuge of art.
To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join;
Divide the simple, and the plain define;
Fix fancied laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
Ill-grounded maxims by false gloss enlarg'd,
And captious science against reason charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverse sect denied what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.
O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring still excuse for error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man! since first the blushing sire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade;
How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espied,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
By marks of eloquence and veils of pride?
With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
But bent and inward to myself again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
At length I ignorance, and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid;
Light flew the knowing scale; the doubtful heavy weigh'd.
Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess.
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast: the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain:
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.
How narrow limits were to wisdom given!
Earth she surveys; she thence would measure Heaven:

Through mists obscure, now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the summit of a pathless coast,
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.
Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life:
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.

TEXTS

CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure. Ecclesiastes, ii. 1.

I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards. ver. 4.

I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits. ver. 5.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees. ver. 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: And, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun. ver. 11.

I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. ver. 8.

I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. ver. 3.

Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity. ver. 15.

Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me. ver. 17.

Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour. x. ver. 1.

The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot. Proverbs, x. 7.

PLEASURE:

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it; begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shown the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thoughts, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the pursuit of pleasure, and sensual delight, ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave;
For wearied nature find some apter scheme:
Health be thy hope, and pleasure be thy theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee; from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please;
Essay amusing art, and proud expense,
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I tried,
And all the various luxe of costly pride.

Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers.
Birds, fishes, beasts of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd.
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth.
Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view.
Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd,
Or rose through figured stone, or breathing gold.
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long extended rows,
On which the planted grove, and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar that an age had stood,
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists show their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the Murex* is no more;

* The Murex is a shell-fish; of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.
My full design with vast expense achiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd;
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.
To my new courts sad thought did still repair;
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on silken beds I sought repose,
And restless oft from purple couches rose;
Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrified my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my ways,
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding maze.
Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense
Indulge; add music to magnificence:
Essay, if harmony may grief control;
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul.
Often our seers and poets have confess'd,
That music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else music sure may human cares appease.
I spake my purpose; and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre
Soften'd the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found

When mix'd); the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And every strength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay;
Of opening Heaven they sung, and gladsome day.
Each evening their repeated skill express'd
Scenes of repose, and images of rest:
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot:
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.
I bad the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic-motions seem;
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And vex'd I found, that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noise:
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted, that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast

Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;
And, as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault:
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once clanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate,
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees,
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the dr[illegible]ght:
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.
Remains there ought untried, that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love,

Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious power.
Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest?
Fly swift, my friends; my servants, fly; employ
Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd;
Let them to-night attend the royal feast;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war:
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.
I said: the feast was serv'd; the bowl was crown'd;
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round:
The women came: as custom wills, they pass'd:
On one, (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
The favourite glance: O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face:
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose: her hair
Untied, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliss, I said; fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd Spring
Confess her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh, and liquid amber shed,

Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph, draw nigh:
Thou in whose graceful form, and potent eye,
Thy master's joy long sought at length is found:
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
O favourite virgin, that hast warm'd the breast,
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East!
I said; and sudden from the golden throne,
With a submissive step, I hasted down,
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O favourite virgin! (yet again I said)
Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
And O above thy fellows happy thou!
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:
Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away.
What pang, alas! what ecstasy of smart
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!
Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest;
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast:
Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.
Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the steps that love and anger tread);
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace;

By turns put on the suppliant, and the lord:
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.
Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,
Far as she might, she decently retir'd:
And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, king Solomon the wise?
This wretched body trembles at your power:
Thus far could fortune, but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains;
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers, of angel, man, and brute;
Canst plead with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force;
That to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes, or their blessings flow;
That thou in science, as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice, and timely counsel fraught?
Where now, O judge of Israel! does it rove?—
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—
Love? why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant, or a friend.
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?
Or grant, thy passion has these names destroy'd;
That love, like death, makes all distinctions void;

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,
His flames and torments only are exprest;
His rage can in my smiles alone relent,
And all his joys solicit my consent.
Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot:
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives:
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.
By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd;
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:
But wilful love thou must with smiles appease;
Approach his awful throne by just degrees;
And, if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please.
Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave: I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd:
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd

Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.
Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-starr'd passion, and my steadfast hate.
For long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
Hate is my part; be thine, O King, despair.
Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!
Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
And to my soul yet uncollected, said:
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleasure sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is denied.
Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore;
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power?
To ravish her! that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back! O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon must never come?
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms?

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway,
And those are punish'd most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run,
From the fond arms of David's favourite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow;
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
The force, while they erect the shrines of love;
His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold, express:
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow;
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his side sustains a store
Of pointed darts, sad emblems of his power;
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend portray'd,
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
I felt him strike; and now I see him fly:
Curs'd demon! O! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed!

Tir'd mayst thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king!
My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd;
Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to assuage my pain,
And wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.
But O how short my interval of woe!
Our griefs how swift! our remedies how slow!
Another nymph, (for so did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain)
Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.
The sun declin'd had shot his western ray,
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.

I call'd before I sat to wash my hands:
(For so the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.
And whence, said I, canst thou have dread, or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world, and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.
Abash'd, she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.
If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look, that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown, and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey; thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention, be to suffer pain,
If the king smile, whilst I my woes recite,
If weeping I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight.
O! witness Earth beneath, and Heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love:
If madness may the name of passion bear,

Or love be call'd, what is indeed despair.
Thou Sovereign Power! whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast Thou plac'd such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd, or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost, and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain;
Wavering, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck, and open breast,
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest;
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from Heaven the faithful ardour came),
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,

To see the comeliest of the sons of men;
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue;
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south;
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams,
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lips more red,
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock.
Ivory with sapphires interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet.
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessings stamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail;
O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!

My suffering heart for ever shall defy
New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
As time, I said, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
Imperial reason shall resume her seat,
And Solomon once fall'n again be great;
Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,
We wisely should exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a second time to err.
This Abra then ——
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true;
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For first I sought her but at looser hours),
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand:
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master-lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;

Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest.
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.
A bright tiara, round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The several follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompense to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?
The damsel's sole ambition is to please:
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:
She soothes, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?
Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse power;
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:

Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl.
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.

O mighty love! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure?
How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes, thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

The haughty nymph, in open beauty drest,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
She looks with majesty, and moves with state:
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade:
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see through reason's optics right,
Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair

With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here generous softness warms the honest breast:
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.
And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair;
And against love too late those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.
Against this nearest cruelest of foes,
What shall wit meditate, or force oppose?
Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?
External remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;
Insulting there does reason's power deride,
And blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone: in her alone
It sought its peace and joy: while she was gone,
It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay:
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief away:
Her absence made the night, her presence brought the day.
The ball, the play, the mask by turns succeed:
For her I make the song, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury may form, or thought express.
To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,

In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.
To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war;
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes:
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.
If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
Till Abra comes. She comes: a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose
(As the Sidonian maids, or Thracian use),
And half her knee, and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight;
A silver bow she carries in her right;
And from the golden quiver at her side
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.

Her, as the present goddess, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay,
The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her mystic praise: the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills: the hills reflect the sound.
If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish pools, or the glassy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watery beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle,
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne.
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
And sing in moving strains the force of love:
Whilst as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near.
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancied goddess rising from the wave.
O subject reason! O imperious love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:

Abra invites; the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd;
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the Phœnix 'scapes———
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise.
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains, and ignominious verse:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide,
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatterers fill the court:
From Dan, and from Beersheba they resort:
They barter places, and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate;
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure;
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts for servile ends
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king at Hebron crown'd,

Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now, (unhappy council!) I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's brood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace;
Tho' they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face.
Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could settle or revoke;
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.
Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
Abra possess'd; she was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cause,
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause;
In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art, and sly persuasion hung;
And real care in vain, and native love
In the true parent's panting breast had strove;
While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
Or slain, or sav'd, as Abra frown'd, or smil'd.
Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay.
Unheard the injur'd orphans now complain:
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file;
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught,
How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.

Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay;
Or lost in drink and game the solid day:
Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threatening ruin———
Half pillars wanted their expected height;
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
The artists grieve; the labouring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple, lies unfinish'd———

The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
Is this, the serious said, is this the man
Whose active soul through every science ran?
Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
On large phylacteries expressive writ,
Were to the forehead of the rabbins tied,
Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms superior to their master's fame:
Laughing, some praise the king, who let 'em see,
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife;
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:

To him who was the king, the friend replies.
The king, for Judah's, and for wisdom's curse.
To Abra yields: could I, or thou do worse?
Our looser lives let chance or folly steer:
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:
Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow:
Thought brings the weight, that sinks the soul to woe.
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
And added to the thousand he has made.
Sadly, O reason, is thy power express'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
And harsh the rules, which we from thee receive,
If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If Judah's king at thy tribunal tried,
Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride;
And changing sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more strictly bound!
But do I call thee tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd shapes, and airy colours wrought;
A fancied line, and a reflected shade;
A chain which man to fetter man has made;
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel essence bring,
I own thy influence; for I feel thy sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard:
Virtue for once shall be her own reward:
Yes; rebel Israel, this unhappy maid
Shall be dismiss'd: the crowd shall be obey'd:
The king his passion, and his rule shall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great,
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.
I said: resolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once so far, as to expect relief
From my despair alone ——
I chose to write the thing I durst not speak,
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove,
How inconsistent majesty, and love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well;
But never see her more: it bid her feel
No future pain for me; but instant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.
She read; and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain:
She kneel'd, entreated, struggled, threaten'd, cried,
And with alternate passion liv'd, and died:
Till, now, denied the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,

This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting, fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the world.
Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What different sorrows did within thee roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks didst thou sustain?
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?
How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft, with sighs, view'd every female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?
How oft desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
And live in shades with her and love alone?
How oft, all night, pursued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery valleys, and through crystal streams;
And waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?
When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove;
At length they broke their bounds: at length their force
Bore down whatever met its stronger course:
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste:
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.
So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow, and swelling rain;
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain;
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:

In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose;
Towns, forests, herds, and men promiscuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.
And now, what impious ways my wishes took;
How they the monarch, and the man forsook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives:
Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient; liked to-night, to-morrow chang'd;
And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion, and eternal shade!
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief,
That vice engenders shame; and folly broods o'er grief.
Buried in sloth, and lost in ease I lay:
The night I revell'd; and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires;
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And, always wearied, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores, and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,

To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift memory trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails:
Patience of toil, and love of virtue fails.
By sad degrees impair'd my vigour dies;
Till I command no longer e'en in vice.
The women on my dotage build their sway:
They ask; I grant: they threaten; I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride.
Now with the looser Syrian dance, and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.
Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire;
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress,
And serve her god, whose person I caress.
Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown?
Where the majesty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth?
When with the lew'd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods:
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food;
When in the woody hills' forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid:

When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid;
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd:
When to all beings sacred rights were given;
Forgot the arbiter of earth and heaven.
  Thro' these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimmering thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and served without respect.
I found my subjects amicably join,
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race;
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.
Each bard, each sire did to his pupil sing,
A wise child better than a foolish king.
  Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god:
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod;
I raise or sink, imprison or set free;
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain:
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill
Insult the master's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations should receive

Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.
O reason! once again to thee I call:
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her birth;
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth:
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd power control;
If restless passion by rebellious sway
Compels the weak usurper to obey.
O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor advice the labouring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.
Oft have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear, as ointment to the smell.
Now, if some flies perchance, however small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall,
The odours of the sweets inclos'd, would die;
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply.
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed:
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.
Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errors recollect the store:
And silent weep, that while the deathless Muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand; she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.
Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,

Much of my women and their gods asham'd;
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise;
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and saved from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth, and greatness unenjoy'd,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles and looks deceitful all, and vain.

TEXTS

CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK III.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Ecclesiastes, xii. 6.

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. i. 5.

The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. ver. 6.

All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. ver. 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. xii. 7.

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house. 2 Chron. vii. 1.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. Psalm cxxxvii. 1.

I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it? Ecclesiastes, ii. 2.

No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end. iii. 11.

Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before Him. ver. 14.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. xii. 13.

POWER:

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life; and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

OME then, my soul: I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring?
For various of thee priests and poets sing.
Hear'st thou submissive: but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill;
From force of instinct more than choice of will;

Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death.
Or if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime; of heavenly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame;
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame:
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age;
Till, as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls;
Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile, or sepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native skies.
Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go
(Points which we rather may dispute, than know),
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest;
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade:
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,

Guided to what may great or good appear:
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
The angel's forecast and intelligence:
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows:
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be:
Helpless and naked on a woman's knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please;
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease.
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear,
That strike his wonder, and excite his fear.
By his distortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears, and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words, and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.

His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill:
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who, in the scorner's, or the judge's seat
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic scene;
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men?
In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathless woods;
Impetuous some, as the descending floods:
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs;
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.

Thus, through what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love:
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap:
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake;
For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes, anew which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again.
Still adding grief, still counting from the first;
Judging the latest evils still the worst;
And, sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number, and augment their power:
Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,

We find the vital springs relax'd and worn:
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro' the round of age, to childhood we return:
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.
Pass we the ills, which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen, or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood:
The noisome pestilence, that in open war
Terrible, marches through the midday air,
And scatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
Canker or locust hurtful to infest
The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.
Pass we the slow disease, and subtil pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
The cruel stone, with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continued strife,
Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay; and age,
Herself the sorest ill; while death, and ease,

Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appease,
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vex'd patient, and the sickly bed.
Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
The dictates of its feeble master's will.
Nought shall the psaltry, and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well repeated tale;
When the quick spirits their warm march forbear;
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.
The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more;
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps, or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain:
But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The sun, and moon, and every starry light
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.
Behold where age's wretched victim lies:
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes:
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves:
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives;
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.
Loos'd by devouring time the silver cord
Dissever'd lies: unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by;

And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot:
Die, and be lost, corrupt, and be forgot;
While still another, and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place:
From earth all came, to earth must all return;
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.
But be the terror of these ills suppress'd:
And view we man with health and vigour blest,
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter, or a dying son:
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees;
And doubly feels his want in their increase:
The next day, and the next he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills:
The due reward to just desert refus'd:
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd:
The judge corrupt, the long depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws,
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great:
The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.
Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms form their fluttering dance?
Or higher yet their essence may we draw

From destin'd order, and eternal law?
Again, my muse, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I say, from accident, or fate?
Yet such, we find they are, as can control
The servile actions of our wavering soul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will:
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
O fatal search! in which the labouring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain, one moment of release:
Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
Against experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has through this doleful vale of misery past;
Who to his destin'd stage has carried on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble shows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
He happier yet, who, privileg'd by fate
To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond description happiest he,
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
Who with bless'd freedom from the general doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.
Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.
"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear:

Are not these general maxims too severe?
Say: cannot power secure its owner's bliss?
And is not wealth the potent sire of peace?
Are victors bless'd with fame, or kings with ease?"
I tell thee, life is but one common care;
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.
"But is no rank, no station, no degree
From this contagious taint of sorrow free?"
None, mortal, none: yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain:
But hence, ye worldly, and profane, retire:
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Yet still must covet life, and be deceiv'd:
Your very fear of death shall make ye try
To catch the shade of immortality;
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To those who may survive ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of time and death;
A fancied kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building live.
False hope! vain labour! let some ages fly:
The dome shall moulder and the volume die:
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change;
Quit their old station, and primeval frame;
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name?
Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys are vain:
Our lot is sorrow; and our portion pain.
What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wise or great, of judge or king?

What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease:
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth:
At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears;
His very state acknowledging his fears:
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
His secret terror of a thousand foes;
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events, and fickle chance a slave:
Seeking to settle what for ever flies:
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.
But he returns with conquest on his brow;
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow:
The captive generals to his car are tied:
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back, in chains relate,
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.
The spoils and trophies borne before him, show
National loss, and epidemic woe,
Various distress, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain;
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel, which he wears,

Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears?
See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded car!
In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
And full fruition of successful power,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
Are the dire images of sad distrust,
And popular change obscur'd amid the dust,
That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion, or shrill fife repel
The inward cries of care? Can Nature's voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise;
Though shouts as thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the ivory chair?
Yon crowd (he might reflect) yon joyful crowd,
Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
(Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go;
Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crowded gate;
With restless rage would pull my statues down;
And cast the brass anew to his renown.
O impotent desire of worldly sway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
Then [vileness of mankind!] then of all these,
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,

The victor's pastime, and the sport of war?
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?
Avails it then, O reason, to be wise?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes?
To know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense in feeling pain?
Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with power remain.
Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient: say, my pensive muse,
What did these golden promises produce?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd;
Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns, and cursed thistles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, adown his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his labouring sweat must flow:
His limbs must ache, with daily toils oppress'd;
Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest:
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies, and his own must grieve.
Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice;
His ear oft frighted with the imag'd voice
Of Heaven, when first it thunder'd; oft his view
Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew:
And the stern cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.

His younger son on the polluted ground,
First fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
Given by a brother's hand: his eldest birth
Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,
Becomes nor man nor angel to inquire.
Each age sinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with time:
The son still added to the father's crime;
Till God arose, and great in anger said:
Lo! it repenteth Me that man was made,
Withdraw thy light, thou sun! be dark, ye skies!
And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!
The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd
Tempests and storms, obedient to His word.
Meantime, His Providence to Noah gave
The guard of all, that He design'd to save.
Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood;
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
The winds fall silent: and the waves decrease:
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace:
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world his views are cast:
'Tis death diffus'd and universal waste.
Present (sad prospect!) can he ought descry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
While to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's image only eight he found

Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from
nations drown'd;
And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
The seed, whence empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race.
Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
By blood and battles must his power maintain,
And slay the monarchs, ere he rules the plain;
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid, and a peevish wife;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood;
Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.
Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth with wants and hardships must engage:
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age.
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:
And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;

And died obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.
My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger, and a state of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliah's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly;
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie;
And often ask, and be refus'd, to die.
For ever, from his manly toils, are known
The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revil'd,
The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd;
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war; and bid him fix his choice?
He died; and oh! may no reflection shed
Its poisonous venom on the royal dead:
Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd;
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
Dying he added to my weight of care:
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir:
Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I hasted to fulfill

The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took;
But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look;
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws:
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him where'er he stray'd from good,
And cite his sad example; whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill:
Soon in a brother could a rival view;
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Even there, my soul, even there he should have fell;
But that my interest did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive;
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain:
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain;
Join fraud to force, and policy to power;
Till of the destin'd fugitive secure,
In solemn state to parricide I rise;
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
Be witness to my tears, celestial muse!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the subject's hand;
The sword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder: it was mine alone;

Years of contrition must the crime atone:
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.
With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art,
Already the reflecting muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensive goddess has already taught,
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of death: for dread and pain,
And griefs will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head.
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.
Yet tell me, frighted reason! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath?
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion which with life began?
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires:
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our state, so pass our days:
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.
Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
Death only shows us, what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view the pointed hour:
Dread not death's anger; but expect his power;

Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn;
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.
Cautious through doubt; by want of courage, wise,
To such advice the reasoner still replies.
Yet measuring all the long continued space,
Every successive day's repeated race,
Since time first started from his pristine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was,
(At least I think so) nothing; must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath
Ceasing, consigns me o'er, to rest, and death?
Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But sever'd, must they join the general mass
Through other forms, and shapes ordain'd to pass:
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
Does the great word that gave him sense, ordain,
That life shall never wake that sense again?
And will no power his sinking spirits save
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the grave?
Each evening I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run:
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers;
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their force:

Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
Tho' sundry drops or leave, or swell the stream,
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same.
Still other waves supply the rising urns;
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
  Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?
  A flower, that does with opening morn arise,
And flourishing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly;
A meteor shooting from the summer sky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
Our earthly course: but, O my soul! so fast
Must life run off: and death for ever last?
  This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd;
Else whence this hope and terror of the mind?
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain?
Say: shall our relics second birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the sad wife has closed her husband's eyes,
And piere'd the echoing vault with doleful cries:
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead?
The spirit only from the body fled,
The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time destroy'd:

The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain?
And if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell;
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?
Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete?
And while the buried man we idly mourn,
Do angels joy to see his better half return?
But if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and seditious strife:
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driven
From the ethereal seat, and blissful Heaven,
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?
Amid two seas on one small point of land
Wearied, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand:
On either side our thoughts incessant turn:
Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn.
Losing the present in this dubious haste:
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.
These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
Once more I said: once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the mind?
How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
Have we the power to guide her, as we please?
Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?
We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain:
And, while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest;
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will;

Dashes our rising hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble see,
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.
That Power superior then, which rules our mind,
Is His decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will He for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
And can our tears reverse His firm decrees?
Then let religion aid, where reason fails:
Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales;
And let the silent sanctuary show,
What from the babbling schools we may not know,
How man may shun, or bear his destin'd part of woe.
What shall amend, or what absolve our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
Betwixt infinity and nothing; bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
Unequal thought! whilst all we apprehend,
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.
I said;—and instant bad the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice, and solemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir:
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting by just return the holy song.
Along the choir in solemn state they past,
——The anxious king came last.
The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid: and bowing at the altar low,

Father of Heaven! I said, and Judge of earth!
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
To Thee, to Thee, my last distress I bring.
Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease;
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts:
From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let Thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was Thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.
If, while this wearied flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfied with life, afraid of death,
It haply be Thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From now, from instant now, great Sire! dispel
The clouds that press my soul; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre:
My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise;
And, for Thy mercy, let me sing Thy praise.
Or, if Thy will ordains, I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state;
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear;
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret lab'rinths of Thy ways to man,

With humble zeal confess Thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be Thy might declar'd:
And, for Thy justice, be Thy Name rever'd.
My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome:
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence, and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day:
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows——
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose,
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse:
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews:
Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear.
With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear:
And lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wondering soul? an opening cloud reveals
A heavenly form embodied, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard: the angel said,
Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief,
From daily trouble, and continu'd grief.
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind:
Suppress thy passions; and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow:
Be used to sorrow, and inur'd to woe.
By weakening toil, and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease; and hasten to thy tomb.
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care.

Send the successive ills through ages down:
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That, deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.
The child to whose success thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd;
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates, and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love.
Ill counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd.
Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son;
Shall see the wreaths, his grandsire knew to reap
By active toil and military sweat,
Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head.
By arms, or prayer unable to assuage
Domestic horror, and intestine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear:
Shall cast his wearied limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kindred blood.
Hence labouring years shall weep their destin'd race,
Charg'd with ill omens, sullied with disgrace.
Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose its course———
Indulge thy tears: the heathen shall blaspheme:

Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame;
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.
New Egypts yet, and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.
These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky,
Inglorious change! shall in destruction lie
Low, levell'd with the dust; their heights unknown,
Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon sacred load
Of gold and vessels set apart to God.
Then by vile hands to common use debas'd;
Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.
Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete:
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
A different master, and a change of woe:
With downcast eyelids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.
Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams, where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighb'ring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet: with toil oppress'd,
Their wearied limbs aspiring but to rest.

In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
Her pensive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race:
While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace.
With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn
Their long neglected feasts' despair'd return,
And sad oblivion of their solemn days;
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day your frighted seers
Shall call for fountains to express their tears;
And wish their eyes were floods: by night from dreams
Of opening gulfs, black storms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types of woe.
The captives, as their tyrant shall require,
That they should breathe the song, and touch the lyre,
Shall say: can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice?
What can we play (they shall discourse), how sing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king?
We and our fathers from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve
(Out cast of mortal race), can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day;
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,
Is but some interval from active woe;
In broken rest, and startling sleep to mourn,

Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
Reason and sorrow are to us the same.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle folly was not pleasure's sire:
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.
This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heaven ordains, with reason's eye;
Too bright the object is: the distance is too high.
The man who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight;
Stop thy inquiry then; and curb thy sense:
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy sum of life must His decrees fulfill;
What derogates from His command, is ill:
And that alone is good, which centres in His Will.
Yet that thy labouring senses may not droop,
Lost to delight, and destitute of hope:
Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn;
Shall from her sad captivity return.
Sion shall raise her long dejected head;
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple shall arise,
And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring skies.
The promis'd seat of empire shall again

Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power, sent down from Heaven,
To succour earth. To Him, to Him, 'tis given,
Passion, and care, and anguish to destroy.
Through Him soft peace, and plenitude of joy
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow,
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.
Now, Solomon, remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be strong: with patience, and with care
Perform, and suffer: to thyself severe,
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues, first of men! be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be just. The angel said:—
With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heavenward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:
Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light, and immortality!
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of Beings! Power Divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect. Let Thy command
Restore, great Father, Thy instructed son;
And in my act may Thy great Will be done.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON PART OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

EAVY, O Lord, on me Thy judgments lie,
Accurs'd I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone.
O Lord! arise, and let Thy beams control
Those horrid clouds, that press my frighted soul:
Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of light.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
There none obtain Thy aid, or sing Thy praise.
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd:
Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found?
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand;
Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
O let her rest beneath Thy wing secure,
Thou that art the God of power.

Behold the prodigal! to Thee I come,
To hail my Father, and to seek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and destitute of God.

O let Thy terrors, and my anguish end!
Be Thou my refuge, and be Thou my friend:
Receive the son Thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the God of love.

TO THE REV. DR. FRANCIS TURNER,*

BISHOP OF ELY, WHO HAD ADVISED A TRANSLATION OF PRUDENTIUS.

F poets, ere they cloth'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to just perfection brought,
Did still some god, or godlike man invoke,
Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke:
Your goodness, Sir, will easily excuse
The bold requests of an aspiring muse;
Who, with your blessing would your aid implore,
And in her weakness justify your power.—
From your fair pattern she would strive to write,
And with unequal strength pursue your flight;

* Dr. Francis Turner was at that time Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. He was one of the petitioning bishops who were committed to the Tower by James II. and one of those who were afterwards deprived of their sees for refusing the oaths to the new government. Bishop Burnet says, "He was a sincere and good-natured man, of too quick an imagination, and too defective a judgment. He was but moderately learned, having conversed more with men than with books." He died November 2, 1700.

Yet hopes, she ne'er can err that follows you,
Led by your blest commands, and great example too.
Then smiling and aspiring influence give,
And make the muse and her endeavours live:
Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every song begin and end with you:
So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go,
Where the saints' palm and muses' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well.—
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A PASTORAL.

TO DR. TURNER, BISHOP OF ELY; ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie?
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast?
And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost?

Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost?
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd ground?
Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browse, my lambs securely play:
(Ah! were their master unconcern'd as they!)
No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swoln bosom rise;
Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy;
Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,
For the last glimpse of the departing sun?
Or what severer sentence can be given,
Than, having seen, to be excluded Heaven?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

——Then cease to chide my cares!
And rather pity than restrain my tears;
Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
To think how great my joys; how soon they fled:
I told thee, friend, (now bless the shepherd's name,
From whose dear care the kind occasion came),
That I, even I, might happily receive

The sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis give;
That I might see the lovely awful swain,
Whose holy crosier guides our willing plain:
Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
Our souls with equal care as we our sheep;
Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each tongue:
Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in paradise,
Ere sin debauch'd his inoffensive bliss;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) those joys with Daphnis flew:
To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then? those joys so vast?
Cease to admire that both so quickly pass'd.
Too happy should we be, would smiling fate
Render one blessing durable and great;
But (oh, the sad vicissitude!) how soon
Unwelcome night succeeds the cheerful noon:
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all mankind
A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
Suppress your sigh, your downcast eyelids raise,
Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, ESQ.*

WHEN crowding folks with strange ill faces
Were making legs and begging places,
And some with patents, some with merit,
'Tir'd out by good Lord Dorset's spirit:
Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies;
Till, patience vex'd, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By penny-post to send a letter;
Now if you miss of this epistle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.
My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little place:
And fair pretensions I have for't,
Much need, and very small desert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,

* Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq. was one of the wits of Charles the Second's court, and the author of several poems published in the miscellanies of the times. These, however, do not possess sufficient merit to redeem his name from oblivion. That he is now known arises entirely from his having been the patron of M. Prior.

Gave me my learning and my vittle;
Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at six and seven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.*
No family that takes a whelp
When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of gate
When he's grown up to dog's estate:
Nor parish, if they once adopt
The spurious brats by strollers dropt,
Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank them for their love, that's worse
Than if they'd throttled them at nurse.
My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of rhenish.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear't had the flavour and was right wine.
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
val's inn, to some good rogue-attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I'd found some handsome ways of getting.
All this you made me quit, to follow
The sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew

* Mr. Mun Stephen had been under secretary to Lord Sunderland when he held the post of secretary of state in the time of James II. A few years after the revolution, falling into a desponding state, he put an end to his life by cutting his throat.

Of folks, I 'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd the youth to make a poet.
In common justice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honest Christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs maintains the cripple.
The sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some way;
And your petitioner shall pray—
There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript:
My friend Charles Montague's* preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one mouse eats, while t'other's starv'd.

AD VIRUM
DOCTISSIMUM DOMINUM SAMUELEM SHAW,
CUM THESES DE ICTERO PRO GRADU DOCTORIS
DEFENDERET, 4 JUNII, 1692.

PHŒBE potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum prosit in arte labor:
Non icterum posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet;
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum dejice, sume lyram.

* See vol. i. p. 44.

TRANSLATION.

BY MR. COOKE.

PHŒBUS, deity, whose powerful hand
Can spread diseases through the joyful land,
Alike all-powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again;
When this our pride you see, confess you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd:
No more the world thy direful threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy is near:
Suppress thy rage; with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

HE town which Louis bought, Nassau reclaims,
And brings instead of bribes avenging flames.
Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau shall sing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
Jove gain'd his mistress with alluring gold,
But Jove, like thee, was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William stand,
He had stunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

ODE

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, III. OD. II.

WRITTEN IN 1692.

HOW long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,
By which thy close, thy constant enemy,
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate isle, or cease to own
What thy own kings in Gallic camps have done;
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won:
William (so fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her absent lord,
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?
When William fights dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,
As nor to melt at beauty's tears, nor follow valour's sword?

See the repenting isle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks;
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
Prepar'd to meet their common lord's command;
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand:
And, blushing to have been so long withheld,

Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field:
Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war:
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat:
And only grieve in winter's camps to find
Its days too short for labours they design'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue lead.
Silence is the soul of war:
Deliberate counsel must prepare
The mighty work, which valour must complete:
Thus William rescued, thus preserves the state:
Thus teaches us to think and dare.
As whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and swift death,
In the tried metal the close dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow:
So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
Secret and sure as brooding fate,
No more of his design appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears:
And (though guilt's eye can sharply penetrate),
Distracted Lewis can descry
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

On Norman coasts and banks of frighted Seine
Lo! the impending storms begin:
Britannia safely through her master's sea
Ploughs up her victorious way.

The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain,
Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main.
'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names:
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn vessels that regain their coast
Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost:
All this the mild, the beauteous queen has done,
And William's softer half shakes Lewis' throne:
Maria does the sea command
Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.
So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone:
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Io Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy queen ordains:
Thus rescued, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,
Let France look back to Sambre's armed shore,
And boast her joy for William's death* no more.

* At the battle of the Boyne King William being slightly wounded with a cannon ball, a report was spread which reached France, that he was killed; "And upon it," says Bishop Burnet, "there were more public rejoicings, than had been usual upon their greatest victories: which gave that court afterwards a vast confusion, when they knew that he was still alive; and saw, that they had raised in their own people a high opinion of him by their inhuman joy, when they believed him dead." *History of his own Times*, vol. iii. p. 63.

He lives; let France confess, the victor lives:
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which that one of Lewis' many wives,
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains, from distant towers on high,
Cast around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic sorrow cry:
"Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight;
As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon dusty field's quite cover'd o'er
With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;
Orange, destin'd to complete
The great designs of labouring fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
Impatient to secure a base retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,

For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with shame in dread of glorious death!
In vain: for fate has swifter wings than fear,
She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound;
While through the fiercest troops, and thickest press,
Virtue carries on success;
Whilst equal heaven guards the distinguish'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives,
Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquish'd age.
Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' sounds,
Whilst, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes close murder against open war:
In vain you Gallic muses strive
With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raise
On the weak basis of the tyrants' praise:
Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incense to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no soul from heaven.
Against his will you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;

And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
The wounds for which he never bled:
Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,
And virtue is her own reward;
With solid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light;
True to herself, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
She from her settled orb looks calmly down,
On life or death, a prison or a crown.
When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward strife a prey,
Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
And virtue labour'd against fate;
When fortune basely with ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind;
When storms let loose, and raging seas,
Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the syren songs of future peace,
And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,
Could lure his stubborn virtue down;
But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood,
To that which was severely good;
Then, had no trophies justified his fame,
No poet blest his song with Nassau's name,
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out the king,
As when he at the altar stood
In all his types and robes of power.

Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
When William's armies pass'd, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's distant fire?
Could he believe his person was too dear?
Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?
Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move,
Arm'd with Heaven's justice, and his people's love?
Thro' the first waves he wing'd his venturous way,
And on the adverse shore arose,
(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose.)
Like the great ruler of the day,
With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea:
Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
The god had eas'd his wearied light,
Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repose!
When his troops falter'd, stept not he between?
Restor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting brave to victory?
Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding back?
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all?—
His dangers such as, with becoming dread,
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read?
And were not those the only days that e'er

The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advices, or his subjects' prayer?

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vassals' tributary urns;
To Belgia's sav'd dominions, and the sea,
Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway;
Is there a town where children are not taught,
Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought;
Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,
Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France retire?
By different nations be his valour blest,
In different languages confest:
And then let Shannon speak the rest:
Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering shore,
When conquest hovering on his arms did wait,
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;
The godlike man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt sent back the specious bait;
And, scorning glory at a price too great,
With so much power, such piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue soar
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.
Nor do his subjects only share
The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain,
More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes:
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose,
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:

Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous song just witness bear,
Assist the pious muse, and hear her swear;
That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But solid story, and severest truth,
That William treasures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age can boast;
And all that ancient stock of fame
He did from his forefathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with interest back;
And in his constellation does unite
Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or envy's lash, or fortune's wheel
That settled glory shall for ever dwell:
Above the rolling orbs, and common sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.
Where roves the muse? Where, thoughtless to return,
Is her short-liv'd vessel borne,
By potent winds too subject to be tost,
And in the sea of William's praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,
Where our abandon'd youth she sees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive

Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
But sure and sudden be their just remorse;
Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course;
For though for certain years and destin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
Though Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,
His justice now demands the equal scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST, IN WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, AT A REPRESENTATION OF MR. DRYDEN'S CLEOMENES, AT CHRISTMAS, MDCXCV.

PISH, lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown:

Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our Tragedy to see our friends:
Our generous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read;
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, or beg applause,
For those are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet, if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, MDCXCVI.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,

On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right:
No memoire to compose, and no postboy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in professional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drown'd in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll find no man dar is
So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretaris.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA.

"Les Allemans ne ce soucient pas quel Vin ils boivent pourveu que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pourveu que ce soit Latin."

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine.
Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine;
They never taste who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, MDCCIV. THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

THE sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

Though he, for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
Though she can always keep the field:
He vaunts his conquest, she conceals her shame;
How partial is the voice of Fame!

TO CLOE.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
In vain cold friendship you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame suppress,
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast;
The rest in mine shall ever last.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE,

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S WHEREON WERE PAINTED ALL HER GRANDSONS.

WIESSEN* and Nature held a long contest,
If she created, or he painted best;
With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She, still form'd fairer; he, still liker drew.
In these seven brethren, they contended last,

* William Wiessen, an eminent portrait painter, born at the Hague in 1656. He learned the art of painting from Dodoens, and after some time spent with him, visited England, and improved himself under Sir Peter Lely, whose manner he imitated with success. "He had the honour," says Mr. Pilkington, "to be competitor with Sir Godfrey Kneller, though the superiority was allowed to the latter, on account of that dignity and air which Kneller generally gave to his portraits; however, the real merit of Wiessen as an artist, as also the politeness of his manners, secured to him the esteem of the great, and provided him employment as long as he lived." Dictionary of Painters, 4to, 1770, p. 695. He died 1687.

With art increas'd, their utmost skill they tried,
And, both well pleas'd they had themselves surpass'd,
The goddess triumph'd, and the painter died.
That both, their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise:
For here, as in some glass, is well descried
Only yourself thus often multiplied.
When Heaven had you and gracious Anna* made,
What more exalted beauty could it add?
Having no nobler images in store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we see
Obliging truth and handsome honesty:
With all that world of charms, which soon will move
Reverence in men, and in the fair ones love:
His every grace, his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has yours:
If every Cecil's face had every charm,
That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form;
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, because they're all like you.
If every Cavendish great and charming look;
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb your image is exprest;
But on their brow firm courage stands confest;
There, their great father, by a strong increase,
Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece:
Thus still your beauty, in your sons, we view,
Wiessen seven times one great perfection drew;

* Eldest daughter of the countess.

Whoever sat, the picture still is you.
So when the parent sun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,
With a resembling light, reflects a sun.
So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern earth, and people Heaven;
Her glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,
She saw the deity in every son:
And to what God soe'er men altars rais'd,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.
In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys:
Your stronger beauty time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.
Ah! Wiessen, had thy art been so refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind:
Through circling years thy labours would survive,
And living rules to fairest virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendish's name and Cecil's honour die.

A FABLE FROM PHÆDRUS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDLEY,* 1710.

THE fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round:
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say:
"What noble part canst thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain?"

ON MY BIRTHDAY, JULY 21.

IT, MY dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know,
That I was born to pain and woe;
To thy denial, to thy scorn;
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die e'en whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

* A periodical paper by Oldmixon, Maynwaring, and others, set up in opposition to the Examiner.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda,* thou alone dost know:
Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

EPITAPH. EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

AS doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

* Mrs. Anne Durham.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid,
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse little-polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same,
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet prithee be kind to his fame.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

T oft to many has successful been,
Upon his arm to let his mistress lean;
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
All public sports, to favour young desire,
With opportunities like this conspire.
E'en where his skill the gladiator shows,
With human blood where the arena flows;
There oftentimes love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy:
While the spectator gazes on the fight,
And sees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty mistress entertains,
And wagers with her who the conquest gains;
Slily the god takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF PRINCE GEORGE, 1708.

EHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
A widow turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The sparrow chanc'd that way to walk
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
Be sure he did the turtle greet;
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how they did their thoughts express,
The margin shows by T. and S.
T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse;
Ye pious redbreasts, deck his hearse:
Fair swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
"For him, my friends, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where beauty smiling lay;

Those eyes, where love was us'd to play.
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!
Columbo is no more: ye floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant woods;
The sound let echo's voice restore,
And say, Columbo is no more,
"Ye floods, ye woods, ye echoes, moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
The dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful naiads round me stood,
The tripping fawns and fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
"To sigh for him, with me to moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her sorrows view;
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung:
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
"For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
"'Tis ours to weep," great Venus said;
"'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
Nor birds nor goddesses can move
The just behests of fatal Jove;
I saw thy mate with sad regret,
And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:

Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
Whom Turturella lov'd so well!
I saw him bleeding on the ground,
The sight tore up my ancient wound;
And, whilst you wept, alas! I cried,
Columbo and Adonis died."
"Weep, all ye streams; ye mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
Still let my tender grief complain,
Nor day nor night that grief restrain:"
I said; and Venus still replied,
"Columbo and Adonis died."
S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!
T. And hast thou lov'd; and canst thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine:
For thou, poor bird, perhaps mayst moan
Some Passerella dead and gone.
S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,
But neither suits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
For dear Columbo set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set;
Two birds may perish in one net:
Thou shouldst avoid this cruel field,
And sorrow should to prudence yield.
'Tis sad to die!—
T. —It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.
S. When widows use this canting strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When widowers would this truth disprove,
They never tasted real love.
S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers' mutual hearts;
Of his black shafts let death send one,
Alas! the pleasing game is done:
Ill is the poor survivor sped,
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right—"Nor tears can move,
Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."
All must obey the general doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withstood
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
As well as Little John, is dead
(You see how deeply I am read):
With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to shun his general power,
In vain absconded in a flower;
An idle scene Tythonus acted,
When to a grasshopper contracted;
Death struck them in those shapes again,
As once he did when they were men.
For reptiles perish, plants decay;
Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay;
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.
Thus heads extremely nice discover,
That folks may die some ten times over;
But oft, by too refin'd a touch,
To prove things plain, they prove too much.

Whate'er Pythagoras may say
(For each, you know, will have his way),
With great submission I pronounce,
That people die no more than once:
But once is sure: and death is common
To bird and man, including woman;
From the spread eagle to the wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
All that wear feathers first or last
Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid;
Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In prose have slept three hundred years:
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in state upon their hearse,
Are truly but embalm'd in verse;
As sure as Lesbia's sparrow I,
Thou sure as Prior's dove,* must die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's streams,
Return to Adige, or to Thames.
T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
"I therefore must for ever moan
My dear Columbo dead and gone."
S. Columbo never sees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of brass, and one of lead,
Divide the living from the dead,
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;

* See "The Dove," vol. i. p. 99.

In t'other the collected sound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve,
What time itself can ne'er retrieve.
By nature soft, I know a dove
Can never live without her love;
Then quit this flame, and light another;
Dame, I advise you like a brother.
T. What, I to make a second choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!
S. Why not, my bird?——
T. ——No, sparrow, no!
Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
But never wish, nor love, again:
Distress'd for ever, let me moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
S. Our winged friends through all the grove
Contemn thy mad excess of love:
I tell thee, dame, the other day
I met a parrot and a jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
And "wept Columbo, dead and gone."
T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,
My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
And I for ever must deplore
"Columbo dead and gone."—*S.* Encore?
For shame! forsake this Bion-style,
We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.
Does it with sense or health agree,
To sit thus moping on a tree?
To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife?

Come on! I'll tell you my amours;
Who knows but they may influence yours;
"Example draws where precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales."
T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
As such will hear thee: I descend;
Hop on, and talk; but, honest bird,
Take care that no immodest word
May venture to offend my ear.
S. Too saint-like turtle, never fear:
By method things are best discours'd,
Begin we then with wife the first:
A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule:
Her actions did her charms disgrace,
And still her tongue talk'd of her face:
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
So many different wills had she,
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Those wills were chang'd with every wind:
She courted the beau-monde to-night,
L'assemblée, her supreme delight;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;
She censur'd that, she alter'd this,
And with great care set all amiss;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now sing, now pout, all God knows why:
Short was her reign, she cough'd, and died.
Proceed we to my second bride;
Well born she was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,

And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
" No other fault had she in life,
But only that she was my wife."*
O widow turtle! every she
(So Nature's pleasure does decree)
Appears a goddess till enjoy'd;
But birds, and men, and gods, are cloy'd.
Was Hercules one woman's man?
Or Jove for ever Leda's swan?
Ah! madam, cease to be mistaken,
Few married fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
What sparrow-dame, what dove alive,
Though Venus should the chariot drive,
But would accuse the harness' weight,
If always coupled to one mate;
And often wish the fetter broke?
'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.
T. Impious! to wish to wed again,
Ere death dissolv'd the former chain!
S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest;
She brought me sons; but (Jove be blest!)
She died in childbed on the nest.
Well, rest her bones! quoth I, she's gone;
But must I therefore lie alone?
What! am I to her memory tied?
Must I not live, because she died?
And thus I logically said
('Tis good to have a reasoning head!)
Is this my wife? Probatur, not;

* See " The Wife's Excuse, a comedy. "

For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot;
She was, concedo, during life;
But, is a piece of clay a wife?
Again; if not a wife, d'ye see,
Why then no kin at all to me:
And he, who general tears can shed
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal justice mourn
For those who never yet were born.
T. Those points indeed you quaintly prove:
But logic is no friend to love.
S. My children then were just pen-feather'd:
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my spouse's mother;
So left that brood, to get another:
And, as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
Cocksbones! I now again do stand
The jolliest bachelor i' th' land.
T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My first, my only love, is dead:
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss!—
S. —Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my cousin Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder house of Chirping End,
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease
She liv'd, extremely at her ease:
But, when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercast;
She kept her own, could plead the law,

And quarrel for a barley-straw:
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind;
She soon grew sullen; I hard-hearted;
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town! I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent.
A magpie from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.
My fourth, a mere coquette, or such
I thought her; nor avails it much,
If true or false; our troubles spring
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two staring horns, I often said,
But ill became a sparrow's head;
But then, to set that balance even,
Your cuckold sparrow goes to Heaven.
The thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
The more you scratch, they ache the more.
But turn the tables, and reflect,
All may not be, that you suspect:
By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
Are only in ideas seen;
'Tis from the inside of the head
Their branches shoot, their antlers spread;
Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! that echoed word
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;

But those of finer taste have found,
There's nothing in't beside the sound;
Preferment always waits on horns,
And household peace the gift adorns;
This way, or that, let factions tend,
The spark is still the cuckold's friend;
This way, or that, let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
The plus and minus, loss and gain,
And what La Fontaine laughing says,
Is serious truth, in such a case;
"Who slights the evil, finds it least;
And who does nothing, does the best."
I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast:
In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet;
We neither much caress'd nor strove,
But good dissembling pass'd for love.
T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itself can show:
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
A moment's patience! in one word,
The three kind sisters broke the chain,
She died, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with constant tears bewail——
S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My fifth, she prov'd a jealous wife,

Lord shield us all from such a life;
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chitchat,
'Twas this, to-day; to-morrow, that.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a miss; an honest rook
Told it a snipe, who told a steer,
Who told it those who told it her.
One day a linnet and a lark
Had met me strolling in the dark;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath allege,
I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge.
Well; madam turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor soul!) her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her hip;
The fever came, and then the pip:
Death did the only cure apply:
She was at rest, and so was I.
T. Could love unmov'd these changes view?
His sorrows, as his joys, are true.
S. My dearest dove, one wise man says,
Alluding to our present case,
"We're here to-day and gone to-morrow:"
Then what avails superfluous sorrow!
Another, full as wise as he,
Adds; that "a married man may see
Two happy hours;" and which are they?
The first and last, perhaps you'll say.
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead;

"Women 'twixt sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of holland, or of lead."
Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hoped to fix my future rest,
And took a widow to my nest,
(Ah, turtle! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free!)
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a scold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind:
To vex one bird, in her bandore,
He had at least a hundred more.
And, soon as time that veil withdrew,
The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempests arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den;
The nearest her, the more accurst,
Ill far'd her friends, her husband worst.
But Jove amidst his anger spares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In short, she died. Why then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Would heaven, this mourning year were past!
One may have better luck at last.
Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The devil's wife was but a fiend.
T. Thy tale has rais'd a turtle's spleen,

Uxorious inmate! bird obscene!
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves?
Begone, with flagging wings sit down
On some old penthouse near the town;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain;
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb wall.
Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men;
Notions like these from men are given,
Those vilest creatures under Heaven.
To cities and to courts repair,
Flattery and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy;
Where passion does with interest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parried,
And knaves and prudes are six times married.

APPLICATION OF THE ABOVE;

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

DEAREST daughter,* of two dearest friends,
To thee my muse this little tale commends.

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley.

Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
For constant virtue has immortal charms.
And, when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchsafe to say, "Ere I could write or spell,
The bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,
Told me I should the prating Sparrow blame,
And bad me imitate the Turtle's flame."

DOWN-HALL:*

A BALLAD, TO THE TUNE OF KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY, 1715.

SING not old Jason, who travell'd through Greece,
To kiss the fair maids, and possess the rich Fleece;
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,

* Down-Hall is in the county of Essex. It is three miles south-east from Hatfield Broad Oak Church, most beautifully seated on a rising ground, above a stream which runs through Hatfield town, having a fine prospect over the adjacent country. It was purchased for Mr. Prior by his generous friend Lord Harley, and after his death, that nobleman made many great improvements in it of vistas, plantations, &c., and resided at it himself many years of his life. It is now in the possession of the Selwin family.

Got rid of one wife, and went far for another.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Asia and Europe did roam.
Ulysses by name, who ne'er cried to go home,
But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen.

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to seek.
A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to hope,
Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British heroes, called Matthew and John:*
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down.

Now ere they went out you may rightly suppose
How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose;
For, before this great journey was throughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here, my friend John,
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one;
And, though I still carried my sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks' errands.

* Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley, of Halstead.

And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave:
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks! I have just such a place in my eye.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick:
The matter next week shall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! must be paid in an hour.

For things in this world must by law be made certain:
We both must repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to see, he must fix you at Down.

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to Dover,
You've sold all our premises over and over:
And now, if your buyers and sellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpose: to-morrow, dear friend,
We'll see, what to-night you so highly commend;
And, if with a garden and house I am blest,
Let the Devil and Coningsby* go with the rest.

Then answer'd Squire Morley; Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;

* Lord Coningsby was one of the members of the committee of the Privy Council, who examined Mr. Prior at the accession of George I. From the account given by Mr. Prior of what then passed, he appears to have been very roughly treated by that nobleman.

I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure,
To take with me much of the soil that I measure.

But Matthew thought better: for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass:
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew: pull down, quoth friend John,
We shall be both hotter and colder anon.
Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed:
And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull,
Near a nymph with an urn, that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the ostler that sung about eight years ago?

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear.
By my troth! she replies, you grow younger, I think:
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have varied,
The ostler is hang'd, and the widow is married.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse;
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the churchyard full many a year

Well, peace to her ashes! what signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef:
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish.

For that matter, Sir, be you squire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sister, or living, or dead.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast
Shall swim in the water in which they were drest;
And, because you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-eggs shall be next course, toss'd up with rank bacon.

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid;
And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the maid.
The maid! was she handsome? why truly so-so.
But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun.

And their horses, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the score,
John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet;
And thus with great friendship and glee they went on,
To find out the place you shall hear of anon,
Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
Why, of spots on the sun, and the man in the moon;
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the city.
The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee.

So to Harlow they came; and, hey! where are you all?
Show us into the parlour, and mind when I call;
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have no life;
Well, master, I hear you have buried your wife.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, sugar, and toast, a horse and a guide.
Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my song?

O squire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
I have buried two wives since you travell'd this way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here;
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last year.

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toast:
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine host;
But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast,
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for Down-Hall! for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted; the horses did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round;
But oh! all in vain: for no Down could be found.

O thou popish guide, thou hast led us astray,
Says he, How the devil should I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life;
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife.

Thy wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod:
Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy house,
But thou shalt go home without ever a souse.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our estate here, before we have seen it.
Have patience, soft Morley in anger replied:
To find out our way, let us send off our guide.

O here I spy Down, cast your eye to the west,
Where a windmill so stately stands plainly confest.
On the west, replied Matthew, no windmill I find;
As well thou mayst tell me, I see the west wind:

Now pardon me, Morley, the windmill I spy,
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh.
Look again, says mild Morley; gadzooks! you are blind:
The mill stands before; and the house lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white shed I discern,
Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a barn.
A barn! why you rave: 'tis a house for a squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire.

A house should be built, or with brick, or with stone.
Why 'tis plaster and lath; and I think that's all one;
And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
Been called a hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down.

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs* about buildings agree;
My business is land; and it matters not me.

I wish you could tell what a deuce your head ails:
I show'd you Down-Hall: did you look for Versailles?
Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let you,
For better for worse, as I took my Dame Betty.

* James Gibbs, architect of the Radcliffe Library, Oxford, the Fellows' Building at King's College, Cambridge, the Church of S. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, and many other buildings.

And now, Sir, a word to the wise is enough:
You'll make very little of all your old stuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow simple!
Are you young and rich, like the master of Wimple?*

If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings:
And in yours I shall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finish your house, you'll have spent your estate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb. And here, Mat, is my heart.
To Halstead I speed; and you go back to town.
Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

* Edward Earl of Oxford, whose seat was at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire; now the residence of the Earl of Hardwicke.

VERSES

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY, COUNTESS OF OXFORD; IN THE LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 9, 1719.

MADAM,

INCE Anna visited the Muses' seat
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!)
Hail thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour,* and most welcome guest.
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.
Writings of men our thought to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this house has bred.
To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters, impress'd by Heaven.
Science in books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
For, when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.

* The family seat was then at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of some bounteous king;
With grateful hand, due altars let them raise,
To some good knight's* or holy prelate's† praise:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim,
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by statute, to the fair we bow;
In spite of time, we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE‡ TO THE ORPHAN,

REPRESENTED BY SOME OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS, AT HICKFORD'S DANCING ROOM, FEBRUARY 2, 1720.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO THE PAGE.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown.

* Sir T. White, founder of St. John's College, Oxon.
† Archbishop Laud also was a generous benefactor.
‡ A few lines of this prologue occur in another, which is printed at p. 192.

Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat;
And, if we don't delight, at least we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder;
We may be ask'd "whose patent we act under?"
How shall we gain you, à la mode de France?
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance;
In cutting capers we shall never please:
Our learning does not lie below our knees.
Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound.
There we should fail too, as to point of voice:
Mistake us not; we're no Italian boys:
True Britons born; from Westminster we come;
And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause;
And stand or fall by Friend's and Busby's laws.*
For the distress'd, your pity we implore:
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orpha[n] squalling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H.

OH! with what woes am I oppresst!
W. Be still, you senseless calf!
What if the gods should make you blest?
H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:
But if they won't, I'll wail and cry.
W. You'll hardly laugh before you die.

* Masters of Westminster School.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

NCE on a time, in sunshine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they past,
And at a brook arriv'd at last.
The purling stream, the margin green,
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
Invited each itinerant maid,
To rest a while beneath the shade.
Under a spreading beach they sat,
And pass'd the time with female chat;
Whilst each her character maintain'd;
One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falsehood, sister Truth,
(For so she call'd her from her youth)
What if, to shun yon sultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream;
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near?—
With all my heart, the nymph replied,
And threw her snowy robes aside,
Stript herself naked to the skin,
And with a spring leapt headlong in.
Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
And, laying by her tawdry vest,

Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
And 'cross the meadows tript away.
From this curst hour, the fraudful dame
Of sacred Truth usurps the name,
And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain pretended fears;
In visits, still appears most wise,
And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising stock* her conscience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She secrets op'd, and all unravell'd.
But on she will, and secrets tell
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one she knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue, so voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do serve, she slily pleads,
And copious tears still show her needs.
With promises as thick as weeds—
Speaks pro and con, is wondrous civil,
To-day a saint, to-morrow devil.
Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

* South Sea, 1720.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

T always has been thought discreet
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger
In talking much before a stranger.
"Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the scene is fixt:
The persons were but oddly mixt;
When sober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man),
"I now grow old; but still, from youth,
Have held for modesty and truth.
The men, who by these sea-marks steer,
In life's great voyage never err:
Upon this point I dare defy
The world. I pause for a reply."
"Sir, either is a good assistant,"
Said one who sat a little distant:
"Truth decks our speeches and our books;
And modesty adorns our looks:
But farther progress we must take;
Not only born to look and speak:
The man must act. The Stagyrite
Says thus, and says extremely right:
Strict justice is the sovereign guide,
That o'er our actions should preside:
This queen of virtues is confest
To regulate and bind the rest.

Thrice happy if you once can find
Her equal balance poise your mind:
All different graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their centre."
'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With yea and nay, and pro and con,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening Post:
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.
"Methinks we're in the like condition,
As at the Treaty of Partition:
That stroke, for all King William's care,
Begat another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league:
In the vile Utrecht Treaty too,
Poor man! he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply;
But Down-right Dunstable was I,
And told him where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him to save his bacon:
But (pass his politics and prose)
I never herded with his foes;
Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
I still found something to commend.
Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
Whate'er severer critics said:
Too far, I own, the girl was tried:
The women all were on my side.
For Alma I return'd him thanks;

I lik'd her with her little pranks:
Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime."
Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
So on he ran a new division;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit;
(Chance often helps us more than wit.)
T'other that lucky moment took,
Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.
"Of all the gifts the gods afford
(If we may take old Tully's word)
The greatest is a friend; whose love
Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
From such a treasure never part,
But hang the jewel on your heart:
And, pray, sir, (it delights me) tell;
You know this author mighty well?"
"Know him! d'ye question it? Odds-fish!
Sir, does a begger know his dish?
I lov'd him; as I told you, I
Advis'd him—" Here a stander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke;
"Damon, 'tis time we should retire:
The man you talk with is Mat Prior."

Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
Dorset! to thee this fable let me send:
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth:
The foil is known to set the diamond forth:
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How many Damons, how few Dorsets, live!

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty,* beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vext to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd:

"Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails, forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

"Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

"What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die;
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

* Lady Catharine Hyde, late Duchess of Queensberry.

" Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,*
Or know the reason why.

" I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus shown;
The goddess spied in every face
Some features of her own.

Just so! (and pointing with her hand)
So shone, says she, my eyes†
When from two goddesses I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

When in the glass, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,

* The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.
† Lady Ranelagh.

Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind*
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

Like this†, disorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But, viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpass'd thine here.

Or I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am outdone,
And must resign to her the prize,
The apple which I won.

But, soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air;

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondering goddess cried,
Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde.

* Lady Salisbury.

† Lady Jane, sister to the Duke of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

"Nympha, precor, Penei, mane."—

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue:
Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE. (*Aside.*)

This care is for himself, as sure as death!
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do, I'll lead him t'other round;
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing who you fly;
Nor ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown, am I:
I Claros isle and Tenedos command——

DAPHNE.

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Pish! Partridge* has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks——

DAPHNE.

—— A fig!——

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig.
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?

APOLLO.

I sing——

DAPHNE.

——That never shall be Daphne's choice:
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the mystic power;
To certain health the patient I restore;
Sent for, caress'd——

DAPHNE.

——Ours is a wholesome air;
You'd better go to town, and practise there:
For me, I've no obstructions to remove:
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove:
And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose.

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks and brother beaux.
Memorials only, and reviews, write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.——

* An almanack maker and astrologer at the beginning of the eighteenth century. See Swift's Miscellanies.

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom sure you would not kill,
In yonder thicket exercise your skill:
Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart,
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear
A love-sick deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou wouldst be woo'd!

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, don't be so extremely rude.
Don't tear the hedges down, and tread the clover,
Like a hobgoblin, rather than a lover.
Next to my father's grotto sometimes come;
At ebbing-tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics, how matters go
Upon his brother rivers, Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does:
These sort of folks will to each other tell,
That you respect me; that, you know, looks well.
Then, if you are, as you pretend, the god
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa:
Some little rarity, some bird, or beast;
And now and then a jewel from the east;
A lacquer'd cabinet, some china ware,
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair!
Next, nota bene, you shall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,

Make me your (Lord! what startles you?) your wife.
I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
We mortals seldom live above fourscore:
Fourscore; you're good at numbers, let us see,
Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three;
Aye, in that span of time you'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
(Things not abhorrent to a married life,)
They'll quickly end, you'll see; what signify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away,
You know your business takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear!
Or, if a winter-evening should be long,
E'en read your physic-book, or make a song.
Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honest godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.
Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat, or follow:
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.
And may I split into ten thousand trees,
If I give up on other terms than these!
  She said; but what the amorous god replied
(So fate ordain'd) is to our search denied;
By rats, alas! the manuscript is eat,
O cruel banquet! which we all regret.
Bavius, thy labours must this work restore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

A TALE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT. MDCCVIII.

TWO mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay, in infant years,
Equally shar'd their parents' cares.
The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his last debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three male, one female kind.
The sire being under ground and buried,
'Twas thought his spouse would soon have married;
Matches propos'd, and numerous suitors,
Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
She modestly refus'd, and shew'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother! dear mother! that endearing thought
Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.
Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou art now above)
How to describe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,
Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
Cloister'd from common joys and just delights:
How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn;
How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;

How your first care, by numerous griefs opprest,
Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and died in good old age.
Though not inspir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt!
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.
But why all this? is this your fable?
Believe me, Mat, it seems a bauble:
If you will let me know th' intent on't.
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.
Well then, dear brother ——,
As sure as Hudi's* sword could swaddle,
Two Mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted (did they so, an't please you?)
Yes, that they did (dear sir) to ease you.
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T'other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the sages!)
Many days past, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's sight;
At last, in weather cold, nor sultry,

* Hudibras.

They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much buss and great grimace
(Usual you know in such a case),
Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might before next summer's sun;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle,
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.
  Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in sense;
All's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity;
Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table!
Somewhat I'll save, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propose is just, I swear it;
Or may I perish, by this claret!
The dice are thrown, choose this or that
('Tis all alike to honest Mat);
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After some thought, some Portuguese,*
Some wine, the younger thus replies;
  Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.
  Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,

* Snuff.

Heart free from care, as purse from money;
He got a lusty squalling boy
(Doubtless the dad's and mammy's joy).
In short to make things square and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And sends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a basket
(Granted as soon as e'er I ask it);
A coat not of the smallest scantling,
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling;
These too were sent (or I'm no drubber)
Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
Yet these won't do, send t'other coat,
For, faith, the first's not worth a groat,
Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of stuff more durable, and stronger;
Send it next week, if you are able.
By this time, sir, you know the fable.
From this, and letters of the same make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-sake.
  Cold and hard times, sir, here, (believe it).
I've lost my curate too, and grieve it.
At Easter for what I can see,
(A time of ease and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiss your hands, and visit London.
Molly sends greeting; so do I, sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, sir.

TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, MDCCX.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.
Œdipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, On this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis Man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow creature,
Upon all four; as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts a stick.
Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater stranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE.*

STOOD, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.
One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay homage to the queen.

* This epigram is printed from a pamphlet published in 1751, entitled, "The friendly and honest Advice of an old Tory to the Vice Chancellor of Cambridge," 8vo. from whence also is extracted the following account of the occasion which gave birth to it. "In the year 1712, my old friend Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the Queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge; and the next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college. The master loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He therefore kept his seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand, who immediately on his return wrote the above epigram."

NELL AND JOHN.

WHEN Nell, given o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
'Tis in vain, said the woman, to make such ado,
For to our long home we must all of us go!

True, Nell, replied John; but, what yet is the worst
For us that remain, the best always go first:
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied:
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died.

GABRIEL AND HIS WIVES.

DEATH! how thou spoil'st the best projects of life!
Said Gabriel, who still, as he buried one wife,
For the sake of her family, married her cousin;
And thus, in an honest collateral line,
He still married on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

OOR Hal caught his death standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come out,
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,
Methinks, child, you seem something round in the belly!
Nell answer'd him snappishly, How can that be,
When my husband has been more than two years at sea?
Thy husband! quoth Dick: why, that matter was carried
Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert married.

ON A FART,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

READER, I was born and cried;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I died.
Like Julius Cæsar's was my death,
Who in the Senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I died, like Flora fair,
I left the commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
First writes a billet-doux, then says her prayers;
Her mass and toilet; vespers and the play;
Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day.
Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Easter calls all Israel to her tent;
Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a modern saint.

THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
Carv'd something like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miscarry;
He, that does heaven and earth control,
Alone has power to form a soul,
His hand is evident in Harry.
Since one is but a moving clod,
T'other the lively form of God;
Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, madam, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To chosen favourites of heaven.
But, such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My care deserve, or life concern:
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree;
For, while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease:
But should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.
This secret then I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.

What matters, if unblest in love,
How long or short my life will prove?
To gratify what low desire,
Should I with needless haste inquire,
How great, how wealthy, I shall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

HEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;
"Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest;
"Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
No! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, troth! to me there seems but little odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods!

TO A FRIEND ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay blest in his Alcmæna's charms,
Three nights, in one, he prest her in his arms;
The sun lay set, and conscious nature strove
To shade her god, and to prolong his love.
From that auspicious night Alcides came,
What less could rise from Jove, and such a dame?
May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir;
He strong as Jove, she like Alcmæna fair!

THE WANDERING PILGRIM,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BART. POST-MASTER, AND PAYMASTER-GENERAL TO QUEEN ANNE.

WILL PIGGOT* must to Coxwould† go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unless Sir Thomas say, No, no;
Th' allowance is too scant.

* This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's place for Will Piggot.

† Twelve miles north, beyond the city of York.

The gracious knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat,
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale,
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good;
Who diets thus, need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But pass—the Æsculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their fast.

Could Yorkshire-tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To starve thou dost him drive.

In Will's old Master's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be blest!
What need of speaking in his praise?
His goodness stands confest.

At his fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be,
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is she.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.

Oh! save him from a dreary way,
To Coxwould he must hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou mayst command,
Thus William's wishes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame;
"Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your hearts!"
The Muses answer'd, "Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade;

Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
On the instructive verse, and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies;
But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied:
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain,
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well bred wife.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd, if that high fuzz of hair
Was, bona fide, all your own.

Her own! most certain, t'other said;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly.

Pontia, (that civil prudent she,
Who values wit much less than sense,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence)

Replied, these friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to satire!
But prithee, husband, let one hear
Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit;
Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought:
Pray bring your brother wits to see't.

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when stars appear.
And strong Boötes turns the Bear;
When mortals sleep their cares away.
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate;
Who's there! says I, who knocks so late,
Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?
O fear not me, a harmless guest,
He said, but open, open, pray;
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my fate;
I set the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dried his hair;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this I did with kind intent;
But he, on wanton mischief bent,
Said, Dearest friend, this bow you see,

This pretty bow belongs to me:
Observe, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite.
He drew it then, and straight I found
Within my breast a secret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer staid,
But leapt away, and laughing said,
"Kind host, adieu! we now must part;
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart."

TO A POET OF QUALITY.

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

F thy judicious muse's sense,
Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
That Sacharissa and Hortense
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.

Yet she to one must still submit,
To dear mamma must pay her duty,
She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
Thou shouldst forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

YSANDER talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye:
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk; he practises
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

O good a wife doth Lissy make,
That from all company she flieth;
Such virtuous courses doth she take,
That she all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her dearest spouse's sake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

HILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those who of their ills complain:
That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,

And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns!
O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's skill;
No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

TO FORTUNE.

HILST I in prison on a court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
In vain, malicious fortune, hast thou tried,
By taking from my state, to quell my pride:
Insulting girl! thy present rage abate;
And, wouldst thou have me humble, make me great.

NONPAREIL.

ET others from the town retire,
And in the fields seek new delight;
My Phillis does such joys inspire,
No other objects please my sight.

In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country landscape grace:

No shades so lovely as her hair,
Nor plain so sweet as is her face.

Lilies and roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Transparent is her skin so fine,
To this each crystal stream must yield.

Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
Though sung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes such lustre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the sun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give;
Cherish'd by them, my love takes root;
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind;
And made transgress our mother Eve:
Poison its core, though fair its rind.

Yet so delicious is its taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' enchanting pleasure haste,
Though I were sure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

NO—I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply;
Oh! sir, no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand so high!

Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted see me meet the wound,
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A second Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the pressing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken dying accents said.

Delia, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing that, sixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her second child.

And, hark ye! madam, cried the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the squire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
If by her friends she is betray'd?

Oh! curse on empty friendship's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and fortune's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver!
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis* of Ephraim heard Rochester† preach,
Thus Bentley said to him, I prithee, dear brother,
How lik'st thou this sermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, said Willis, and ours is another:
I care not for carping; but this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM ON BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.

* Bp. of Gloucester. † Bp. Atterbury.

Though at present arrested by death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's Bench should a verdict be found,
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, MDCCXX.

HAVE no hopes," the duke he says, and dies;
" In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I prithee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The duke he stands an infidel confest,
" He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, tho' knave, still " brother dear," he cries;
And who can say, the reverend prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR. A FRAGMENT.

ONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of tawdry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and stars,

Which often is by merit sought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;
The shade, for which ambition looks
In Selden's* or in Ashmole's† books:)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And kings can neither take nor give.

ENIGMA.

BY birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
I'm obliged by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, tho' ne'er so well set.
For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off your lands from your hands.
But, this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

* "Titles of honour." † "Order of the Garter."

ANOTHER.

ORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth:
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground:
They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

HAT all from Adam first began,
None but ungodly Woolston doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;

By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Anstis* by election.

Kingsale! eight hundred years have roll'd,
Since thy forefathers held the plough;
When this shall be in story told,
Add, that my kindred do so now.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

LUKE PREACH-ILL admires what we laymen can mean;
That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd,
He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
His wife died this year, he has married his maid.

To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,
At all hours a lusty young hussy is near:
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of this earth,
He can be content with two thousand a year.

* Garter King at Arms.

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

WHY thus from the plain does my shepherdess rove,
Forsaking her swain, and neglecting his love?
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
Oh! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray?
Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone!
When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis for one.

A CASE STATED.

NOW how shall I do with my love and my pride;
Dear Dick,* give me counsel, if friendship has any;
Prithee purge, or let blood! surly Richard replied,
And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny.†

* Mr. Shelton. † Mrs. Durham.

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,
For the pains and the torments of more than a year;
She look'd in an almanack, whence she observ'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to Bartlemew-fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her eye!
In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that fortune long has wanted sight,
And therefore pardon'd when she did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear;
I begg'd that she would give me leave to lose,
A thing she does not commonly refuse!
Two matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same:
Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,
Whereas I only ask in one to gain;
Yet she, still contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives success in every suit—but hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE.

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

OFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.

Oh! raise thy voice! one song I ask;
Touch then th' harmonious string;
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be;
None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I straight replied, Thou know'st alone
That brightest Chloe rules my breast,
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more
I crave: he promis'd me success;
I play'd with all my skill and power,
My glowing passion to express.

But oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what love has said,
And, by thy grant, his power show?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN LADY OXFORD'S STUDY, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper send
To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
Smiling, bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of virtue, goodness, peace, and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HOLLES-HARLEY, WHEN A CHILD.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this, my first epistle, beg ye,
At dawn of morn and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer:
Our Father first,—then Notre Père:

And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

LINES*

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON, THE SMALL-COAL-MAN, PAINTED BY MR. WOOLASTON.

THOUGH doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts allied,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere:
More of the man had artfully† been sav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

* These verses were written by Mr. Prior to serve Vertue, then a young man, and patronised by Edward Earl of Oxford. Concerning the extraordinary man who is the subject of them, a very entertaining account is given by Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, vol. v. p. 70.

† Sir John Hawkins observes, it is suspected that the insignificant adverb *artfully* was inserted by a mistake of the transcriber, and that it originally stood *probably*.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vex'd Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
"You're a cuckold," says she; "do I tell you truth now?"

WRITTEN

IN LADY HOWE'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief:
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, sometimes love.
But, oh! what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not show the dart!
What ease could Ovid to his sorrows give,
Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live!

AN EPISTLE. MDCCXVI.

I PRAY, good Lady Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.
Your humble servant,
ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I PRAY Lady Harriot the time to assign
When she shall receive a turkey and chine;
That a body may come to St. James's to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

IF wit or honesty could save
Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
But envious fate has claim'd its due,
Here lies the mortal part of True;

His deathless virtues must survive,
To better us that are alive.
  His prudence and his wit were seen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the queen.
By long obedience he confess'd
That serving her was to be bless'd.—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beasts, and dogs have sense!
  His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er skulk'd from whence his sovereign led him,
Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Mat gave
his letters,
And thought they were safe in the
hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then that the packets were lost?
These were knights of the garter, not knights of
the post.

THE VICEROY. A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

F Nero, tyrant, petty king,*
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himself did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthral.

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curse and dogmatize;
Nor fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot† of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

* Lord Coningsby, one of the lords justices of Ireland.—He is the same person mentioned in Down-hall.

† The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

The articles recorded stand
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land,*
You'll find them written there.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traitorously he did abuse
The power in him repos'd;
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

Free quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Protestants; his love to show,
Than Papists us'd them worse.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,

* Journal, Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 1693.

He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Though many men were sick.

The suttlers too he did ordain
For licenses should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die,
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could nor hear or see;
They might, or die, or might complain,
Without relief, pardie.

That, above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree:

That he, O Ciel! without trial,
Straightway should hanged be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

No sooner said, but it was done,
The Bourreau did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He settled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can say't.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile:
With Satan who dispute?

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carried on;
Had any other done't, I trow
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewise traitorously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerberus swallow'd all.

Meanwhile the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,
For not one sous had they;
His Excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

Nero, without the least disguise,
The papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The protestants whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans he still well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this Viceroy did reign;
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The best of queens he hath revil'd,
Before and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd not her nor God.

But listen, Nero, lend thine ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what Britannia says with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

"Oh! sacred be her memory,
For ever dear her name!
There never was, nor e'er can be,
A brighter, juster dame.

"Blest be my sons, and eke all those
Who on her praises dwell!
She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,
She did all queens excel.

"All princes, kings, and potentates,
Ambassadors did send:
All nations, provinces, and states,
Sought Anna for their friend.

"In Anna they did all confide,
For Anna they could trust:
Her royal faith they all had tried,
For Anna still was just.

"Truth, mercy, justice, did surround
Her awful judgment seat,
In her the Graces all were found,
In Anna all complete.

"She held the sword and balance right,
And sought her people's good:
In clemency she did delight,
Her reign not stain'd with blood.

"Her gracious goodness, piety,
In all her deeds did shine,
And bounteous was her charity;
All attributes divine.

"Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
Adorn'd the words she spoke;
When they from her fair lips did fall;
And sweet her lovely look.

"Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
She caus'd dire war to cease:
A greater empress ne'er was known,
She fix'd the world in peace.

"This last and godlike act achiev'd,
To heaven she wing'd her flight:
Her loss with tears all Europe griev'd;
Their strength, and dear delight.

"Leave we in bliss this heavenly saint,
Revere, ye just, her urn;
Her virtues high and excellent,
Astrea gone we mourn.

"Commemorate, my sons, the day
Which gave great Anna birth:
Keep it for ever and for aye,
And annual be your mirth!"

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
Our wise benign good king:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known?
Or his bright actions sing?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raise to high degree!
Well thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancestry.

But pass—These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright?

Oh! is there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and woe?
Oh! is there not a heaven, a hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And set thy wit to sale.

How thou art lost to sense and shame,
Three countries witness be:
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering steel is sure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,*

WHO TOLD ME I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

FAIR Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thousand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fix'd in yours.

* By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom I have ascribed them.

For, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never settle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

FOR many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Despair'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of any saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful dame look'd down
With an insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or toss'd her head aside.

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms,
Fond, whining, modest fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

"With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he warmly must invade
Who would possess the heart."

With that I shook off all my fears,
My better fortune tried;
And Cynthia gave what she for years
Had foolishly denied.

ON A YOUNG LADY GOING TO TOWN IN THE SPRING.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
With folded arms and eyes cast down,
Gently repos'd his love-sick head:
While Thirsis, sporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the discontented youth complain:

"Ask not the cause why sickly flowers
Faintly recline their drooping heads;
As fearful of approaching showers,
They strive to hide them in their beds,
Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
And feel with him a sympathy of woe.

"Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
Regardless of her dying swain,
Leaves him to languish and despair,
And murmur out in sighs his pain.

The fugitive to fair Augusta flies,
To make new slaves, and gain new victories."

So restless monarchs, though possess'd
Of all that we call state or power,
Fancy themselves but meanly bless'd,
Vainly ambitious still of more.
Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
Not satisfied with private sway at home.

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE,* INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant.

A LADY once (so stories say)
By rats and mice infested,
With gins and traps long sought to slay
The thieves; but still they 'scap'd away,
And daily her molested.

Great havoc 'mongst her cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her:
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd (no more of cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

* The hints of this and the following fable appear to have originated from the fable of the Old Lady and her Cats, printed in the General Postscript, Nov. 7, 1709. They have been both ascribed to Dr. Swift.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin swift as lightning flew,
Thousands of mice he daily slew,
Thousands of rats defeated.

Ne'er cat before such glory won;
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all cats outshone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envied Grimalkin's glory;
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him she did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

She cannot bear, she swears she won't,
To see the cat regarded;
But firmly is resolv'd upon't,
And vows, that, whatsoe'er comes on't,
She'll have the cat discarded.

She begs, she storms, she fawns, she frets,
Her arts are all employ'd,
And tells her lady, in a pet,
Grimalkin cost her more in meat
Than all the rats destroy'd.

At length this spiteful waiting-maid
Produced a thing amazing:
The favourite cat's a victim made,

To satisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now lap-dog is again restor'd
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuously kept at bed and board,
And he (so Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin save her.

Nab much exults at this success,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her lady fondly does caress,
And tells her, Fubb can do no less
Than all her foes destroy.

But vain such hopes; the mice that fled
Return now Grim's discarded:
Whilst Fubb till ten, on silken bed,
Securely lolls his drowsy head,
And leaves the cheese unguarded.

Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontroll'd their theft is:
And whatsoe'er the vermin spare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them share,
Nor pie nor pippin left is.

Meanwhile, to cover their deceit,
At once, and slander Grim;
Nab says, the cat comes, out of spite,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn secure in garret high,
Nor cheesecake safe in closet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every shelf the vermin prey;
And still Grimalkin does it.

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had spoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheese also.

With this same lady once there liv'd
A trusty servant maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her lady was deceiv'd,
And hasten'd to her aid.

Much art she us'd for to disclose
And find out the deceit;
At length she to the lady goes,
Discovers her domestic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the sense of her mistake,
The lady, discontented,
Resolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forsake,
Lest she again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT.

A FABLE.*

A WIDOW kept a favourite cat,
At first a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown sleek and fat,
With many a mouse, and many a rat,
He soon disclos'd his nature.

The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly slunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces sold;
And puss grew lion-hearted.

He scratch'd the maid, he stole the cream,
He tore her best lac'd pinner;
Nor chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling, 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.

The dame full wisely did decree,
For fear he should dispatch more,
That the false wretch should worried be;
But, in a saucy manner, he
Thus speech'd it like a Lechmere:†

* In Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, xvii. 454, this fable is said to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's Political State, 1720, p. 519, where it is applied to the Duke of Marlborough, it is said to be by Swift or Prior.

† The celebrated lawyer.

" Must I, against all right and law,
Like polecat vile be treated?
I, who so long with tooth and claw
Have kept domestic mice in awe,
And foreign foes defeated!

" Your golden pippins, and your pies,
How oft have I defended!
'Tis true, the pinner, which you prize,
I tore in frolic; to your eyes
I never harm intended.

" I am a cat of honour."—" Stay!"
Quoth she, " no longer parley;
Whate'er you did in battle slay,
By law of arms, became your prey:
I hope you won it fairly.

" Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
But not of your outrages:
Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
To make my cream a perquisite,
And steal, to mend your wages?

" So flagrant is thy insolence,
So vile thy breach of trust is,
That longer with thee to dispense,
Were want of power, or want of sense—
Here, Towzer!—do him justice."

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I.

SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diseases:
Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
Only friendship truly pleases.
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly;
Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II.

SET BY MR. PURCELL.

WHITHER would my passion run?
Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
Losing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and reason! cease your war,
And order death to give me rest;
So each will equal triumph share.

III.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

TREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
With such rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.

But I plainly see the reason,
Why in vain I you pursu'd;
Her to gain 'twas out of season,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

OME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart:
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now must part.

You sigh and weep: the gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall:
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state:
They hear; and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourself to grief resign;
Who knows but that those powers may
The pair, they now have parted, join?

But, since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever;
I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet, should our sun shine out at last;
And fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wandering lovers meet;

How great then would our pleasure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
Suppose our sun should never rise:
Why then what's due to such a grief,
We've paid already with our eyes.

V.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

ET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
What for her sake I undergo;
Tell her, for her how I sustain
A lingering fever's wasting pain;
Tell her, the torments I endure,
Which only, only she can cure.

But, oh! she scorns to hear, or see,
The wretch that lies so low as me;
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
For ne'er 'twas found (though often tried)
That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

HILLIS, since we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill;
Tell me what pleasure you can find,
In forcing nature 'gainst her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
Keep in some glowings of desire;

But still those glowings which remain
Are only ashes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool,
Who would love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove;
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe

But this is all a sham ;
Since any one may plainly see,
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

VIII.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

TILL, Dorinda, I adore ;
Think I mean not to deceive you :
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas ! now love you more,
Though I force myself to leave you.

Staying, I my vows shall fail ;
Virtue yields, as love grows stronger ;
Fierce desires will sure prevail ;
You are fair ; and I am frail,
And dare trust myself no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
Made my vows and oaths destroy
The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in silence hid my anguish,

But I cannot promise too
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languish.

For in thee strange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof against those eyes,
Best resolves and strictest ties
To their force must soon surrender.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
I most doting, thus to sever;
Since from all I hold most dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myself for ever.

IX.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

S it, O love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts so seldom sympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts
One amorous shaft obey;
'Twould save thee the expense of darts,
And more extend thy sway.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing power;
For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
Despair will soon devour.

Ah! wound then, my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine;
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark mad.
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three is the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

SINCE my words, though ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth exprest,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast:

What will move the springs of nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do!

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
Thus by seeming not to know
What so plainly all discover,
What his eyes so plainly show.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
'Tis against your reason's laws:
Atheist-like th' effect perceiving,
Still to disbelieve the cause.

XII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

OVE, inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art?

Tell the secret, show the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am lost if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

OUCH the lyre, on every string,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing,
A song which shall immortal be;
Since she I sing's a deity:
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XV.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

NCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still!
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she-tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control:
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run:
Victoria shows me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
Has something in't divine;
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool:
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield:
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field.

XVI.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part;
The charm has lost its power,
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall;

And now, alas! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almost relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move:
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

XVII.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

CCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave:
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live:
Who with it would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vows shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

ANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! she cries.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently push me from her,
The other, take me in her arms.

XIX.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

INCE we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

I'm vext to think, that every night
A sot, within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should sully all your charms;

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the powers divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool;
Let me at least in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

XX.

SET BY C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's still refus'd.

Faith! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;

Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty theirs surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

ASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my sheep shall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my sheep are dumb.
Great god of love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear;
My own, alas! are less my care.
But, of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Though the wolf prowl, and the sheep stray.

XXII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms;
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms.

Yet still love on; and never fear,
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, though in absence, love.

For, though your presence fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing smart;
And can with undiscerned eyes
Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortur'd breast;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest.

Ah! fair one, why to me so coy?
And why to him so true,
Who with more coldness slights the joy,
Than I with love pursue?

Die then, unhappy lover! die;
For, since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly; since to me
Not love itself a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

WELL! I will never more complain,
Or call the fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a sight;
I rag'd; for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.

At last, my wishes to fulfill,
They did their power resign;
I saw her; but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

XXV.

SET BY MR. C. R.

HLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answer'd by good nature.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them,
So, providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

INCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let cruel fate us still pursue,
There's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.

Farewell, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking:
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we mun sever:
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

OME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna, I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight:
And shall soon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Cursing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

HILST others proclaim
This nymph or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion divinely is fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like ivory enchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,
And think of the best:
'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The Graces play all round about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND THE LADY ANNE.* 1683.

CONJUNCTUM Veneri Martem, Danosque Britannis
Dum canit altisonis docta caterva modis,
Affero sincerum culto pro carmine votum,
Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.
Vivant Ambo diu, vivant feliciter, opto;
Diligat hic sponsam, diligat illa virum.
Junctos perpetuâ teneas, Hymenæe, catenâ;
Junctos, Juno, die protege; nocte, Venus!
Exultent simili felices prole parentes,
Ut petat hinc multos natio bina duces!
Cumque senes pariter cupiant valedicere terris.
Nè mors augustum dividat atra jugum:
Sed qualis raptum transvexit currus Elijam,
Transvehat ad superas talis utrumque domos!

A. Prior, Coll. Div. Joh. Alumn.

* From the Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis, Cantabrigiæ, 1683. This copy, notwithstanding the signature, is beyond a doubt the property of the facetious Matthew Prior.

Kynaston.

AD COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,

IN ANNUM INEUNTEM MDCLXXXIV. AD JANUM.

IC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora sertis,
Nestoreos poscant fœmina virque dies;
Casside depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
Janua sopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina fastu,
O! bene carminibus consule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
O! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies:
Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pœne dedisse parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM.

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audivissem, & expertus ipse sæpissimè laudassem, & pudor & tristitia conscio mihi silentium indixissent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæ mentiri nesciunt) perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læsi, solicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, & obliteres crimen, ut non solùm ad condiscipulorum mensam, sed ad magistri gratiam restituatur.
favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM AD EUNDEM.

NATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœsta Thalia preces;
Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu;
Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa fames!
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.

Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda sitim.
Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
Pieriasque merûm nobilitavit aquas.
Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,
Flet culicem esuriens qui satur arma canit.
O si Mæcenas major mihi riserit, O si
Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa
Inciperet præsul grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

"—— Dum bibibus ——
Obrepit non intellecta senectus."

SISTE mero bibulas effuso temporis alas,
Hesternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, & properans in funus necte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
Dat rosa de sertis lapsa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
Ut citiùs rumpat stamina, Bacchus adest.
Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrius orbem,
Occasum tremulo narrat adesse rubor. M. P.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI THOMÆ SPRAT,

EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, ETC.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν.

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnis,
Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare Thalia, patronum
Quem modò laudâsti, nunc venerare patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcis?
Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?
Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, aucte sacerdos,
Impatiensque breves spernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
Suspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,
Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas:
Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,
Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est:
Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
Palma vira decuit tempora, mitra senis.

M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

CUM voluntas regia, optimatum consensus, bonorumque omnium studia infulam merenti concesserint, ignoscas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi plausum cliens eò minus ad enarrandum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in ecclesiâ honores & ecclesiæ à tuis honoribus felicitatem festinet gratulari, favoris tui studiosissimus,

M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,
Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.
O si te canerem, præsul venerabilis, O si
Fistula cum titulis cresceret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Musa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota supersunt?
Imbelles humeros nobile lassat onus.
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præsul
Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

Cum virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet & honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua benignitas, si minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benignissimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, summoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui studiosissimus,
M. P.

"Quicquid vult, valde vult."

DUM tingit Siculus solis cœlique meatus,
Astra polosque tuos quos sibi condit habet.
Nil facit instantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,

TRITICI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM.

MDCLXXXIX.

Lemma, "Sustentare et debellare."

DUM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I nostra, Ceciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hostem;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines superes, atque imitêre Deos.

Scripsit, Aug. 1, 1689.

EPITAPHIUM.

M. S.
Caroli Montague,
Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northantoniensi Filius natu sextus,
Henrici Comitis de Manchester nepos,
Scholæ Regiæ Westmonasteriensis Alumnus,
Collegii S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiensis Socius.
Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,

Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque artium disciplinis instructus,
Ex Academiæ umbraculis
In conspectum hominum prodiit,
Literatorum decus & præsidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit:
Brevique hunc virum,
Sua in senatu solertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, justitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:
Ubi laborantibus fisci rebus opportunè subveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impressis chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis & patriæ & principis gratiam consecutus,
Familiam suam diu illustrem, illustriorem reddidit;
Baro scilicet, deinde comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus
accessit.
Summo denique Periscelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod desideravit, & meruit, vix tandem assecutus:
(Proh! brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam;)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis MDCCXV.

Ætatis suæ LIV.
Patruo de se optimè merenti,
Et bonorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE LAMP.

GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

ANTIQUAM hanc lampadem
E Museo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Καμηλια sua
Reponendam D.D. Matthæus Prior.

This lamp which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian dame,
Indulgent time, through future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame.

Sperne dilectum Veneris sacellum,
Sanctius, lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove casto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camœnas.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies Sir Thomas Powys, Knight:
As to his profession,
In accusing, cautious; in defending, vehement;
In all his pleadings, sedate, clear, and strong;

In all his decisions, unprejudiced and equitable.
He studied, practised, and governed the law
In such a manner, that
Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his eloquence;
Nothing excelled both, except his justice.
As to his life,
He possessed, by a natural happiness,
All those civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to these, by divine goodness, were added
That fervent zeal and extensive charity,
Which distinguish the perfect Christian!
THE TREE IS KNOWN BY HIS FRUIT.
He was a loving husband and an indulgent father,
A constant friend and a charitable patron;
Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities of the poor.
What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and friends:
"To fear God, and live uprightly."
Let whoever reads this stone,
Be wise, and be instructed.

FINIS.

Mary Mellish.
Archibald
Menzies

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